HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. X.—No. 515.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1866. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ARKANSAS TRAVELERS.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 706.]

ARKANSAS TRAVELERS.

IN regard to the picture of ARKANSAS TRAVELERS on our first page our artist, Mr. WAUD, says:

"Being desirous of making a perfectly truthful representation, I have refrained from adding a fiddle to the outfit of either of these gentlemen, although, out of respect to the time-honored custom of Arkansas travelers, the temptation was great. The little group is sketched just as it appeared. They are calculating the chances of crossing a bayou and cedar swamp. On what enterprise they were bound deponent hath no knowledge; and being rough-looking fellows, armed with the long rifle, no intimate acquaintance seemed desirable. It is not fair, however, to judge from appearances, and they were probably good citizens enough as times go; certainly the presence of the bundles of corn-fodder which some of them carried gave no evidence of their intention 'to live off the country.' If they were bound on a hunting excursion they have the artist's best wishes, out of a powerful fellow-feeling for the sport."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1866.

THE PRESIDENT'S MANIFEST.

THE most important recent political publication is the letter of Mr. O. H. BROWNING, Secretary of the Interior, to some of his former constituents. Its importance is not due to its authorship, for Mr. BROWNING is not a gentleman known to the country; and although he was for a time Senator in Congress, he did not succeed in making his opinions necessary for the public guidance. The significance of his letter is that it speaks for the President, who read and approved it. It is therefore a Presidential manifest. It apprises us of the spirit in which he receives the popular judgment to which he has incessantly appealed.

Unfortunately the letter abounds in platitudes. It gravely announces that our Government is worth preserving—a truth of which the people who have carried on the late war may be supposed to have some glimmering consciousness. But mere platitudes are harmless. When, however, the Secretary of the Interior proceeds to argue he is simply dogmatic and feeble. He tells us that the Legislative Department of the Government is the only one from whose encroachments serious danger is to be apprehended for our institutions. In this he differs from JEFFERSON, who considered the Judiciary the menacing department, and from the loyal people of to-day, who see in the conduct and claims of the Executive the plainest public peril. If Congress were not restrained by the Constitution, says Mr. BROWNING, what might it not do? The President also is restrained by the Constitution, but what has he not done, and tried to do? If Mr. BROWNING had been born a Spaniard of the thirteenth century, if his father had been his mother, there really is no knowing what would have been the present price of sweet-apples. Inasmuch as Congress is created by the Constitution, and acts in obedience to it, it is rather useless to speculate upon its possible action if there were no Constitution.

We are further instructed that our system is destroyed if the States are not respected in their appropriate spheres. That is indisputable; nor does it admit of much debate that twice two make four. But the constitutional limits of State rights—the national authority in composing a prodigious war—these are our present questions. Mr. BROWNING leaves us to infer that one of the sovereign rights of a State—for like Mr SEWARD he falls into the bad habit of speaking of State sovereignty, a thing which has no existence—is to exhaust every effort to destroy the Union, and upon its failure to resume all its national relations without the smallest security against a similar effort, except the fact that the first has failed.

Mr. BROWNING objects to the disabling clause of the Amendment, without the slightest reference to the fact that the disability may always be removed by Congress, either in special cases or altogether, as good policy may prescribe. He says that it is an unparalleled proscription, and that it is not to be supposed that the educated—by which he means the late rebel—class of the Southern States will submit to it. This is an echo of the DOOLITTLE Philadelphia address. But the New Orleans *Picayune* says that there are plenty of able men at the South who are not disabled by the Amendment, and the Charleston *News* is of opinion that there is no way of return to national representation but by submission to the Amendment. And what, after all, is this despotic and inhuman provision? It is simply that those who in order to overthrow the Government have violated an oath to support it shall not hold office until Congress is satisfied that they safely may. It provides that a man caught in an attempted murder shall not have a knife presented to him with the respects of the intended victim. This may be an outrage greater than any since the days of PHILIP II. of Spain. But there are minds to which the late rebellion and its Andersonville and other methods were not altogether an airy jest and gallant tournament, and to which the conditions now offered to the offenders are the most clement ever recorded. The Administration theory apparently is that there are several millions of criminals at the South who owe their lives to the law. But as it is impracticable to hang men by the hundred thousand, that the only alternative is to give them greater power as legislators.

The President, it appears from this letter which he has read and approved, does not regard the result of the elections as indicative of public opinion upon the Amendment. We are sincerely sorry that he is so deluded. He has read the speeches, platforms, and papers of the political parties very carelessly if he has not seen that the whole canvass has turned upon the Amendment. Vermont, Maine, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Ohio, and Iowa have spoken to that point and to no other. They have not, indeed, expressed themselves upon impartial suffrage as a condition of restoration, which Mr. BROWNING insists is the real question, for the question of the contest has been the policy of Congress or of the President. That of Congress has been triumphantly sustained, and that policy has been indicated not only in the Report of the Committee and the proposition of the amendments, but in the admission of Tennessee. If the President has not seen it, it is but another illustration of his blindness. The truth remains nevertheless, and if the Southern States see with him, who does not see at all, they will surely stumble to their own sorrow.

But we find one passage of this letter which is valuable. It is that in which the action of the President toward Congress is foreshadowed. Mr. BROWNING denies that the President has ever done any thing to encourage the assertion that he would try to force rebels into Congress, and, by implication, the Secretary says that the Executive will not fail to treat Congress as the representatives of the people, however wrong he may consider its conduct toward the unrepresented States. This is by far the most important remark the President has made—for it is really his. It denies upon his part any intention to do any thing but protest. That is his constitutional official right, and the right of every citizen. If the Secretary's letter had been confined to that statement, and published as approved by the President, it would have been a valuable public service; and as we have no doubt it was written for the express purpose of saying that, our regret is the greater that the statement should have been drenched with such prolix fallacies and follies.

HIGH PRICES.

IT is again asserted that the Government has been selling gold. Mr. M'CULLOCH and his subordinates, after the fatal blunder of May last, assured all inquirers that the Government would not sell any more gold. To that determination they adhered at a time when the operators of the Gold-Room had cornered the market, and gold was worth one half per cent. a day. They did not depart from it at the time when gold was above 150, and the mere rumor that the Government was selling would have put down the price 5 @ 10 per cent. But now, when gold is 146 @ 147, when there is no scarcity of specie for the payment of customs, and on the eve of the disbursement of $24,000,000 in gold for interest on the public debt, the Department is understood to be a seller once more. Explain the phenomenon who can. Wall Street is baffled, and profanely remarks that the Treasury moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform.

It was understood among those who are supposed to enjoy the confidence of Treasury officials that Mr. M'CULLOCH's newest theory was to accumulate in the Treasury a fund of specie sufficient to enable him, at some not very distant day, to resume specie payments upon a part if not the whole of his demand obligations. For instance, if he had paid off his compound legal tenders and exchanged the bulk of the first series of Seven-Thirty notes for long bonds, he might, it was said, with $100,000,000 of gold in the Treasury, resume payment on half the existing legal tenders, dividing them for the purpose into classes by date or numbers. If this succeeded, a still smaller accumulation of coin would enable him to retire the remainder of his legal tenders, or to make them equivalent to specie. And, with the large excess of specie revenue over expenditure, the scheme seemed feasible enough. But if the Treasury is going to continue to sell its surplus coin, it is clear that this theory will never work.

So far as we can judge, the country is getting tired of high prices. Almost every thing which we eat or drink or wear or use in any way is dearer now than it was during the war, when gold was 250. Some portion of the advance is due to the existing heavy taxation. But by far the greater portion is the fruit of the general unsettlement of values resulting from an irredeemable paper-currency, which enables manufacturers and dealers to gradually advance their prices without check from the public. The only true standard of value being removed, all commercial values become capricious; if all the dealers in eggs should combine to refuse to sell eggs under a dollar a piece, we should after a time submit to the extortion, and the consumption would not materially decline.

Let us take three articles of common use—beef, butter, and milch cows. Before the war we in New York used to pay 15 @ 20 cents for the best beef, 25 @ 30 cents for butter, and $35 @ $60 for the finest milch cows. When they rose in price during the war the butchers and dealers were ready with an explanation. It was mainly owing to the interruption of our trade with Texas and other Southern cattle-growing regions. The rise in butter was in good part due to the advance in gold, which, being 250, rendered butter a good article of export. Well, the war is over; we have unrestricted intercourse with Texas; gold is down to 146; and yet we are paying 30 @ 35 cents for our beef, 60 @ 65 cents for butter, and $150 @ $250 for milch cows. It can not be pretended that we eat much more beef or butter than we did in 1860, or that the country produces much less than it did in that year. The increase in the demand can not be any greater than the increase in the supply. Why, then, should prices have doubled? The reason is simply that an irredeemable paper-currency has unsettled all values, and that drovers and dealers, having begun to advance prices in order to pay themselves for the taxation to which they are now subject, discover no obstacle to further successive advances, to which the public submit after a moderate demur. Competition, which may generally be relied on in such cases to check attempts at extortion, fails to work in this case, because the great prosperity of the country affords a market for all; and the vast bank expansion has actually—for the time—abolished the needy class.

Take the case of buildings. An authority in this trade calculates that it costs 10 @ 20 per cent. more now to build in New York than it did when gold was 250. Iron and a few other articles which can be imported are cheaper; but lumber and labor are both higher than they were in 1864. Yet the supply of labor has been swelled by the disbandment of half a million of men, and by an unexampled immigration; and building is far from active. Lumber is no scarcer than it was, and we do not see that the demand for it can have increased much. It is the same story. Carpenters who used to think themselves well off when they got $2 a day now strike for an advance from $4. They tell you that the cost of living has more than doubled. It has increased, no doubt, not only in consequence of the depreciated currency and increased taxation, but much more from the increased profits demanded by dealers of all kinds; and the carpenters, in their turn, think that when prices are rising they may just as well have an advance of 75 as of 50 cents. The only true standard thrown away, there is no reason why prices should stop any where.

A daily journal has been looking into ladies' hats. Every fashionable reader is aware that the price of one of the modern hats—which are so diminutive and gossamer that you can hardly tell when they are on the head or off—is $40 @ $60. A sensible lady bethought herself that she would buy the materials and make her own hat. She made a very pretty one at a cost of less than $15. The *modiste* would have charged $50 for the same article. The difference was the extra profit which the *modiste* deemed it necessary to charge in order to pay the extra profit charged by the butcher and butter-dealer, who had to charge enough to pay the extra profit charged them by the drover and farmer, who had to charge enough to meet the extra profit charged them by the country store, which had to put on something extra to defray the extra profit charged by the New York jobber and the manufacturers, and so on throughout the list. Every body, in a paper-money era, wants more than a fair profit, and charges accordingly. Nothing will check the universal rage for exorbitant profits but the competition which will follow a tightening of money.

With these facts before him, and a country groaning audibly under oppressive taxation, it will be interesting to note what Mr. M'CULLOCH will have to say to Congress next month.

OUR FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THERE is some talk in the newspapers about a new heroic foreign policy to be adopted by the Administration. Payment in full is to be demanded of England for the *Alabama* piracies, and the French claims in Mexico are to be guaranteed, the Republican Government in that country recognized, and permission given to it to cede certain territory to the United States.

If this is intended to affect the elections it is too late. If it means war with England the Administration miscalculates, for this country does not wish war with England, and is perfectly capable of seeing the national disgrace of answering Lord STANLEY's late friendly suggestions with a threat. The British Government is by no means a model, and British opinion was stupidly hostile to this country during the war. But the question of the *Alabama* claims is, in the present state of international law, peculiarly a subject for wise and amicable arbitration, toward which the disposition of both countries evidently inclines. It is not in the least a matter for the Captain Bobadil statesmanship which mistakes bluster for bravery and threatening for firmness. It is desirable for every nation that the principle which shall hereafter govern neutral action in such cases as that of the *Alabama* shall be determined in friendly council, and the Government of the United States will greatly err if it proposes to adopt any curt and offensive method of settling a point of general interest, which would remain exactly as it is even if war should be invoked.

As for Mexico, if the proposition be that the United States shall pay France and be indemnified by a slice of territory, the Administration must show the necessity of enlarging our present domain and the advantage of buying off LOUIS NAPOLEON. Why should we interest ourselves to secure his debts, which he has just failed in trying to settle by measures based upon jealous hostility of this country? The French-Austrian empire in Mexico is visibly crumbling. We have never recognized any government in that country but the Republican. Let us continue to do so, and if that Government asks for a loan to pay a debt which menaces her if not paid, and offers us the security of territory, let the question be generously considered.

Upon all such questions, however, the Administration can merely propose. It is for Congress to determine—a fact which should be carefully remembered; for Congress is not likely, we believe, to permit the friendly relations of the United States to be foolishly imperiled. It is, however, always surprising and mortifying that so few of the intelligent members of Congress protest against the bold Buncombe of the resolutions often offered upon these subjects. At the present time the fewer foreign complications we have the more speedy and satisfactory will be the solution of our domestic questions. Any proposition tending to foreign entanglement must therefore be regarded as intended to divert the public mind from the great duty of the hour.

THE EXCISE LAW.

ONE of the chief private arguments against the Union party during the campaign, although it has not been very publicly urged, is that it is a party whose tendency is to make it difficult to get drunk. The Excise Law of the last Legislature prohibits the sale of liquor on Sundays. But that law is more liberal than we have ever had in the State, or than there is now in any other State. It is not new except in its liberality. The law of 1857, which is still in force in the State outside of the city of New York, forbade selling upon Sunday; and although the law was by its terms applicable to the city as well as the country, the protection of the Liquor Dealers' Association, and the easiness of the Excise Commissioners and of the courts, caused it to be generally disregarded in the city.

The prohibition of the sale on Sundays was intended to preserve public order, not to promote private morals; and a very few figures will show how well it did its work. It was enforced only during May and June, and has been suspended since the 4th of July, in consequence of the decision of Judge CARDOZO that it was unconstitutional. Now the Sunday arrests for the four weeks of May, 1865, were 503; those of 1866 were 257; those of June, 1865, were 575; in June, 1866, they were 255, being a reduction, in growing proportion, of about one half during the months of the enforcement of the law. Since the Cardozian decree the comparative figures are these: the Sunday arrests in July, 1865, were 779; in July, 1866, they were 748; in August, 1865, they were 584; and in August, 1866, they were 580. If the Court of Appeals should sustain the law the sale of licenses will yield more than $1,000,000, and save so much taxation to the city. But the Ring, which delights in free rum and high taxes, is naturally opposed to a law which tends to public order and economy; and was the more willing to nominate Mr. JOHN T. HOFFMAN because he had declared against the law.

It is not a pleasant thing to say, but it is the strict truth, that Mr. HOFFMAN is the candidate of the "conservatism" of the grog-shops on the one hand, and on the other of the "conservative" dining-rooms in which sympathy with the rebellion was feasted during the war. He is the candidate of that "conservatism" which fostered slavery, the source of our troubles, and invoked the assistance of the British Minister to end them.

THE RETURN OF THE FAIRIES.

SINCE the Arabian Nights there has been no good genius like Mr. GEORGE PEABODY. Like a meteor, he leaves a golden track behind him. He sends princely fortunes hither and thither. He buttresses colleges with coin, and with his autograph calls institutes into affluent being. He gives two millions of dollars to build houses for the poor in London. He tosses a hundred and fifty thousand to Harvard College. Before Yale can look jealous he appeases her with a like sum; and reaching Baltimore, his song of *Care luoghi* is a gift of half a million. How many country churches, organs, libraries, halls, he spills by the way nobody can tell. But there seems to be no limit to his liberality. What a sublime balance he must have at his banker's!

We fancy him buying apples of the old women at the street corners and paying in C greenbacks, refusing the change. He drops a thousand-dollar note into the plate at church. Indeed, nothing is extravagant when we read of this Pactolian purse of PEABODY forever flowing. His benefactions gleam among the morning news like a bird of Paradise among lions. Every reader is surprised with a fine glow of expectation. If t comes to the Arabian Nights —who knows?—why s ould not *I* be the lucky porter? asks the pleased an speculating reader.

Lately reading the romance of 'Codlingsby' we were struck by this passage: ' She had three necklaces on, each o which would have dowered a Princess; her fingers glistened with rings to their rosy tips, and priceless bracelets, bangles, and armlets wound round an arm that was whiter than the ivory grand piano on which it leaned........'My lord's pipe is out,' said MIRIAM, with a smile, remarking the bewilderment of her guest, who in truth forgot to smoke; and taking up a thousand-pound note from a bundle on the piano, she lighted it at the taper, and proceeded to reillume the extinguished chibouk of Lord CODLINGSBY." There seems to be a touch of extravagance in this passage unti you read o Mr. PEABODY's last in the morning or evening paper. Then it becomes commonplace literature.

Of course the good fairy who chooses now to appear as an amiable London banker, no longer young, will choose what guise she will. But she can not really conceal herself. We presume that Governor SWANN and the authorities of Baltimore knew perfectly well that they were receiving and honoring the fairy godmother of Cinderella, and that the Connecticut Professors were fully conscious that they had received a letter from that benign being who could make good little girls talk pearls and roses. As for the fairy mouth itself, it can not open but amply-endowed institutions of learning drop softly out. It is a touch of kindly humor that this generous spirit which is in its very nature immortally young should select the form of a venerable and respectable merchant through which to work its beneficent will. But its pleasure must be respected, and since it deigns to be known as GEORGE PEABODY, as GEORGE PEABODY it shall be honored.

"SEZ GUV'NER ORR, SEZ HE."

GOVERNOR ORR, of South Carolina, authorizes the *South Carolinan* newspaper to deny that he is in favor of the Amendment, or that he will recommend its passage to the Legislature. This is not surprising. Mr. ORR is a politician. He was a ringleader in the rebellion. He was a Senator in the rebel Congress. He was one of those who, despite his oath to support the United States Government, took up arms to destroy it. And he is consequently one of those whom the Amendment would disable from holding his present office or any other. It is not surprising that he opposes it.

But had Mr. ORR frankly comprehended the situation, and proposed to the South Carolina Legislature to ratify the Amendment, how long does he think it would have been before Congress removed his disability? Mr. ORR prefers to fight on—to resist the inevitable. Is there, then, no one of the old leaders who will say to his neighbors: "We believe our cause was just; we put it to the decision of the sword, and we have lost. Now, then, the Amendment is naturally disagreeable to us, but we certainly can not expect the people who have sustained the Government to believe our cause just, nor can we be surprised that they require security for the future by embodying the fair results of their victory in the organic law. Let us honorably accept the judgment we invoked, and adopt the Amendment."

When we hear this tone from the States lately in rebellion we shall have reason to believe that there is acquiescence in the result of the war. But the acquiescence which consists in demanding increased political power as the result of unsuccessful rebellion is an acquiescence which is not very likely to deceive Yankees. Governor ORR is not in favor of the Amendment, but the loyal people of the country, including General GRANT, are. Which does the Governor think most likely to prevail?

MR. LINCOLN'S POLICY

WHILE the loud orators of the party which opposed the war and vilified Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON are now urging the support of Mr. JOHNSON on the ground that he follows the policy of Mr. LINCOLN, it is worth while to understand what President LINCOLN's policy would have been—for, whatever his action during the war, he died before he could develop a policy of restoration.

The Hon. CHARLES A. DANA, Assistant Secretary of War during the latter part of the LINCOLN Administration, made, in a recent speech, a most important statement, showing precisely what President LINCOLN's opinion was. "I can affirm," says Mr. DANA, "that, previous to the assassination of Mr. LINCOLN, the reconstruction of Virginia was considered by the Cabinet, and a printed document was prepared setting forth the plan of reconstruction to be adopted in regard to that State. That printed document never became official, but it met the hearty approval of Mr. LINCOLN. That plan of reconstruction provided for the calling of a Convention to amend the Constitution of the State of Virginia, and states most positively that all loyal citizens, whether white or black, should be allowed to vote. And it further stipulated that rebels should be denied the right of suffrage. That plan was Mr. LINCOLN's idea of reconstruction."

This is conclusive, even if Mr. LINCOLN's letter to General WADSWORTH, and his sympathy and sense of national duty toward the colored men who had borne arms for the Union were not universally known. It is, indeed, abstractly impossible that the restoration policy of Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. JOHNSON should be the same. The dominant characteristic of Mr. LINCOLN was a clear sense of justice, while it is plain that Mr. JOHNSON considers the colored race an impertinence and a distraction. The point of view of the situation was essentially different in the two men, and their policy must inevitably have differed. It is not conceivable that Mr. LINCOLN would have deserted the Union party; that he would have been supported by the Copperheads; that he would have removed from office the stanchest friends of the Government during the war t make room for its bitterest enemies, as in the case of the Brooklyn Post-office; that he would have compassed the slaughter of Union men in New Orleans; that he would have insisted upon abandoning the freedmen to the exclusive care of an angry population; or that he would have resisted an amendment to the Constitution so reasonable and generous as that proposed by Congress.

Mr. SEWARD, we are told, declares that Mr. JOHNSON is merely fulfilling Mr. LINCOLN's policy. But a policy is a public, not a private, affair; and every man who understood Mr. LINCOLN's character and views, and who is familiar with his acts, is as competent as Mr. SEWARD to form an opinion upon the subject. What that public opinion is the elections show.

MR. SEWARD TO SIR F. BRUCE.

SOME months ago, when a band of marauders crossed the Canadian line and killed two or three Canadian citizens under pretense of making war upon England, the Government of the United States instantly and properly took the necessary measures to prevent our soil being made the base of predatory and murderous incursions upon a neighboring territory. That the people of that territory had done otherwise and had encouraged destructive raids upon us was a reason why honorable men should despise them, but it was no reason whatever for conniving at the violation of our laws and for justifying one crime by another.

Some of the raiders have been sentenced to death, and the United States Government, by the Secretary of State, now informs the British Minister that it will make careful scrutiny into the legality and regularity and justice of the trials, and communicate its opinions upon the subject. It further recommends the British Government to adopt a policy of tenderness and forgiveness toward the Fenians.

Every Government should doubtless see that none of its citizens are unfairly dealt with, and to urge a generous policy toward offenders is always commendable. But we presume that the Government does not suspect any irregularity in the Canadian trials, and does not believe the condemned to be unjustly accused. The President and the Secretary are doubtless glad that an opportunity was offered before the election of appearing as the interceding friends of the Fenians. We believe, however, it is very well understood that the condemned are not to suffer, and we have no doubt that the Canadian authorities will perceive that pardon in this instance is better than punishment. But the offense of the invaders is none the less glaring, while in sentencing them to death the Canadian courts justly judge the character of the St. Albans raid from their own side of the line.

COLD AS A CAUSE OF DISEASE.

"A GREEN Christmas makes a fat church-yard," is an old English proverb, expressing the supposed fact that a mild, open winter is of course unhealthy. But statistics show that this very common supposition is incorrect. By comparison of different winters it has been found that the colder is the weather the greater is the mortality. And this result of cold is seen most in the two extremes of life—in the young and the old—the middle-aged being best able, from their confirmed vigor, to resist its depressing influence. Cold is, in fact, one of the prominent causes of disease. Let us see how it operates.

If on going out in a clear, cold day we have a fine glow in the fresh air, we feel that the cold is a source of vigor to us—that it promotes health instead of impairing it. Why is this? It is because, from the circumstances of the exposure, the cold air, acting upon the sensations, awakens a reaction in the system. It is in this case a stimulant, and an agreeable one. Now, it is when this reaction does not occur that the cold is injurious to health, and it is by its depressing influence. It is simply in this way that it is so largely productive of disease.

We will suppose a very common case. A student who is obliged to be economical sits in a room that is not sufficiently warmed, and is scantily clothed when he goes out into the air, so that he is, for much of every twenty-four hours of all the cold season, chilled, though only slightly. He is suffering from a continuous depression of the vital energies, which will inevitably undermine the constitution and sow the seeds of disease. Such a course is quite as injurious as the enervating course of those who go to the other extreme, subjecting themselves continuously to too high a degree of temperature. When we are sitting still in the house we should aim at keeping such a temperature of the apartment as will make us comfortable. And when we expose ourselves to cold we should aim at maintaining the same comfortable condition, either by shutting in the heat generated in the body by a suitable amount of clothing, or by wakening a proper reaction by exercise, or by both conjoined. The robust can secure this result with much less clothing than the feeble and delicate, who should be very careful in relation to outdoor clothing. The modes of dress of children and females have often been exceedingly faulty in this respect, and many a life has been sacrificed in obedience to the behests of fashion.

The hardening, as it is termed, which some attempt to accomplish, is always a failure. The depression occasioned by the inuring to cold adds to the evil that it is intended to remove. So far from invigorating it renders delicate and feeble. We have known students to ruin their health by an habitual use of scanty clothing, with the delusive idea of hardening themselves. In one sense the system may, it is true, in this way be accustomed to bear the cold—that is, the sensations produced by it may come to be disregarded in a measure by habit. But there is no real gain in this. The only true hardening is in accustoming the system to react under the impression of cold. To do this more or less help is needed from exercise and clothing. With care on this point exposure to cold is a prominent means of invigoration.

It is often said that our well-warmed houses are far from being an improvement on the open fireplace arrangement of former times so far as health is concerned. This is only true where ventilation is neglected, and too high a degree of temperature is maintained. With proper regulation of circumstances the diffusion of heat throughout the dwelling is decidedly promotive of health. It may bring no injury to the robust to dress in cold rooms; but any such continuous exposure of the delicate and the very young to cold, when they are not in such action as will maintain the proper temperature of the body, must impair vigor. Discomfort is always injurious. Many a delicate female has been rendered consumptive by the depression of the daily discomfort of dressing in a pinching cold atmosphere, who would have escaped this malady if she had not been subjected to this exposure.

A large cause of disease among the poor is the daily depression of vital power from their poorly-warmed apartments and the inadequate clothing which they wear out of doors. It acts in consonance with those other depressing causes which operate upon them—defective ventilation, emanations from filth, scanty food, and the discouragements of life. The diseases of the poor generally most clearly indicate the presence of the element of depression in the action of the causes that produce them.

Too great heat will enervate the system, and so render it very susceptible to the influence of cold. If one is shut up in a small room heated by a stove, the temperature is very commonly too high—far above that which is needed for comfort. This is in itself injurious, relaxing the system, and inducing debility; but besides this direct result it enhances the depressing influence of cold in the frequent exposures to it both indoors and out. The poor, and even those who are well-to-do, as it is expressed, subject themselves often indoors to changes from a high temperature to pinching cold. The liability to such alternations is always a difficulty with contracted accommodations. With the most careful and judicious management it is not easy to regulate properly the temperature of small apartments; and carelessness, with the ill-proportioned and ill-adjusted arrangements that are so commonly found, makes an entire failure of it. And when you add to the alternations from overheating to shivering in the cold at hom the exposures to cold without with the scantiest clothing, you can see how largely col must operate in inducing disease in the poorer class especially in the small apartments of the ten ment houses of our cities.

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

LEAVE the flag with us who loved him,
Whom the Copperheads assailed,
As he stood, our chosen leader,
When the storm of treason rose.
'Tis the flag that waved above him
As the ship of State he sailed—
Freedom's last and grandest pleader,
Struck to earth by Freedom's foes
Leave the flag with us!
We're the boys in blue,
To the Union true—
Leave the flag with us!

Leave the flag with us who bore it
Under Lincoln's watchful eye;
At his call we sprung to battle
When the walls of Sumter fell.
On the bloody field we bore it,
With the hosts of treason nigh,
Where the cannon's sullen rattle
Was our dying comrades' knell.
Leave the flag with us!
We're the boys in blue,
To the Union true—
Leave the flag with us!

Leave the flag with us who saved it,
Standing close by Lincoln's side;
Not with those whose lips defamed him
Till death hid him from their view.
He smiled on us as we waved it
Where its colors were denied,
For our friendship never shamed him—
We're the Country's boys in blue!
Leave the flag with us!
We're the boys in blue,
To the Union true—
Leave the flag with us!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

INDEMNITY FOR BRITISH PIRACIES.

THE New York *Times* of October 24 has the following from its Washington correspondent: "In regard to our affairs with England, growing out of the depredations during the late war of the privateers *Alabama* and *Shenandoah*, Mr. Adams, our Minister to the Court of St. James, was some time since instructed to make a peremptory demand for indemnity for the losses sustained by our commercial interests. To this demand Mr. Adams received an evasive reply. He was immediately instructed to repeat the demand. He did so, but no definite response has yet been received. The British Government is now putting out feelers in its various organs, showing its disposition in the matter. From these it appears that it is willing to submit the claims to arbitration or to a Board o. National Commissioners. Our Government will accept no arrangement of this sort, but will insist on a prompt and full payment of the claims. This is our *ultimatum* as contained in the instructions under which Mr. Adams is now acting."

NEWS ITEMS.

Brevet Major-General George W. Getty has relinquished the command of the District of Texas, which is assumed by Brevet Major-General Heintzelman, Colonel of the Seventeenth United States fantry.

On October 25 the Stonewall Cemetery, at Winchester, Virginia, was inaugurated with imposing ceremonies, a leading feature being the int rment of the bodies o General Ashby and his bro er, Captain Ashby. Ex-Governor General Wise d vered the address. The Virginians are making systematic efforts to gather the remains of the rebel dead from the various battle-fields, to reinter them in cemeteries, and the performances at Winchester will shortly be repeated at Fredericksbur and Petersburg.

Official returns have been received om the counties of Pennsylvania, and the vote for Governor at the recent election foots up: General Geary, Republican, 307,355; Heister Clymer, Democrat, 289,496; Geary's majority, 17,839. The total vote is the l rgest ever cast in Pennsylvania, and aggregates 596,851. At the election in 1865 the total vote was 454,263—Republican 238,400, Democratic 215,740, and the Republican majority was 22,660. At the Presidential election in 1864 the total vote was 572,707—for Lincoln 6,391, for M'Clellan 276,31 ; Lincoln's majority 20,075. Since 1864 the Republicans have gained 10,964 votes and the Democrats 20,180, the aggregate increase in the State being 31,144.

Captain James L. Fisk, who has taken a large train through to Montana over th Northern route, under date of Helena, Montana, Septem writes that more than 3000 emigrants have bee y the Indians this season. At a recent bat ne Yellow Stone, seventy whites were killed, and the whole route, known as Bowsman's Cut-off, is strewn with fresh graves. Captain Fisk had no trouble with Indians over the Northern route.

On the 23d of October the Vermont Legislature elected United States Senators as follows: To fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Senator Collamer, Hon. L. P. Polan ; to fill the unexpired term of Senator Foote, Hon. George T. Edmunds; for six years from the 4th of March next, Hon. Justin S. Morrill.

General Sheridan has written a letter advising, as the true policy, that the Liberal Government under Juarez be supported, and all violations of the neutrality laws by the Imperialists and others be promptly dealt with.

It is reported on good authority that Governor Wells and Judge Howell, who claims to be Presiden of the Constitutional Convention of 1864, are about reconvening that body, and that they have ordered elections of delegates to fill vacancies. The Governor says that he has assurances from leading members of Congress that he will be sustained by force if necessary.

Colonel Lynch and Rev. John M'Mahon, the Fenian prisoners, have been tried at Toronto, Canada West, and are sentenced to be hung.

The work of boring the Hoosac Mountain, in Western Massachusetts, is going forward at three principal places—on the easterly side, near the Deerfield River, at the top, and on the west side. The shaft on th top is 317 feet deep, from the bottom of which the bore is extended east and west. The distance already drilled is about 1000 feet. Nitro glycerine is used in blasting, and found more effective than gunpowder. The progress made in the cut is from 16 to 24 feet per week. The total distance gained is more than a mile. Three miles of solid rock yet remain to be tunneled.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company have reduced the tariff on messages 50 per cent.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

October 23:

(VIENNA.)—The Vienna *Presse* of to-day says that Baron Von Beust is very likely to be the Foreign Minister.

(LONDON.)—Lord Clarendon is seriously ill.

October 25:

(BERLIN.)—The treaty between Prussia and Saxony has been fully ratified. Pursuant to its provisions Saxony is to pay ten million florins. The Army of Saxony has already been dissolved.

The Baden House of Deputies has rejected the proposed alliance with Prussia.

(PARIS.)—Rumors are current that changes in the French Cabinet are imminent. The threatened rupture is caused by the Emperor's insisting on the negotiation of a large loan.

It is now said that the French troops will leave Rome in December.

(VIENNA.)—Field-Marshal Benedek, of the Austrian army, has been placed on the retired list.

October 26:

(PARIS.)—The condition of the Empress Carlotta is described as being hopeless.

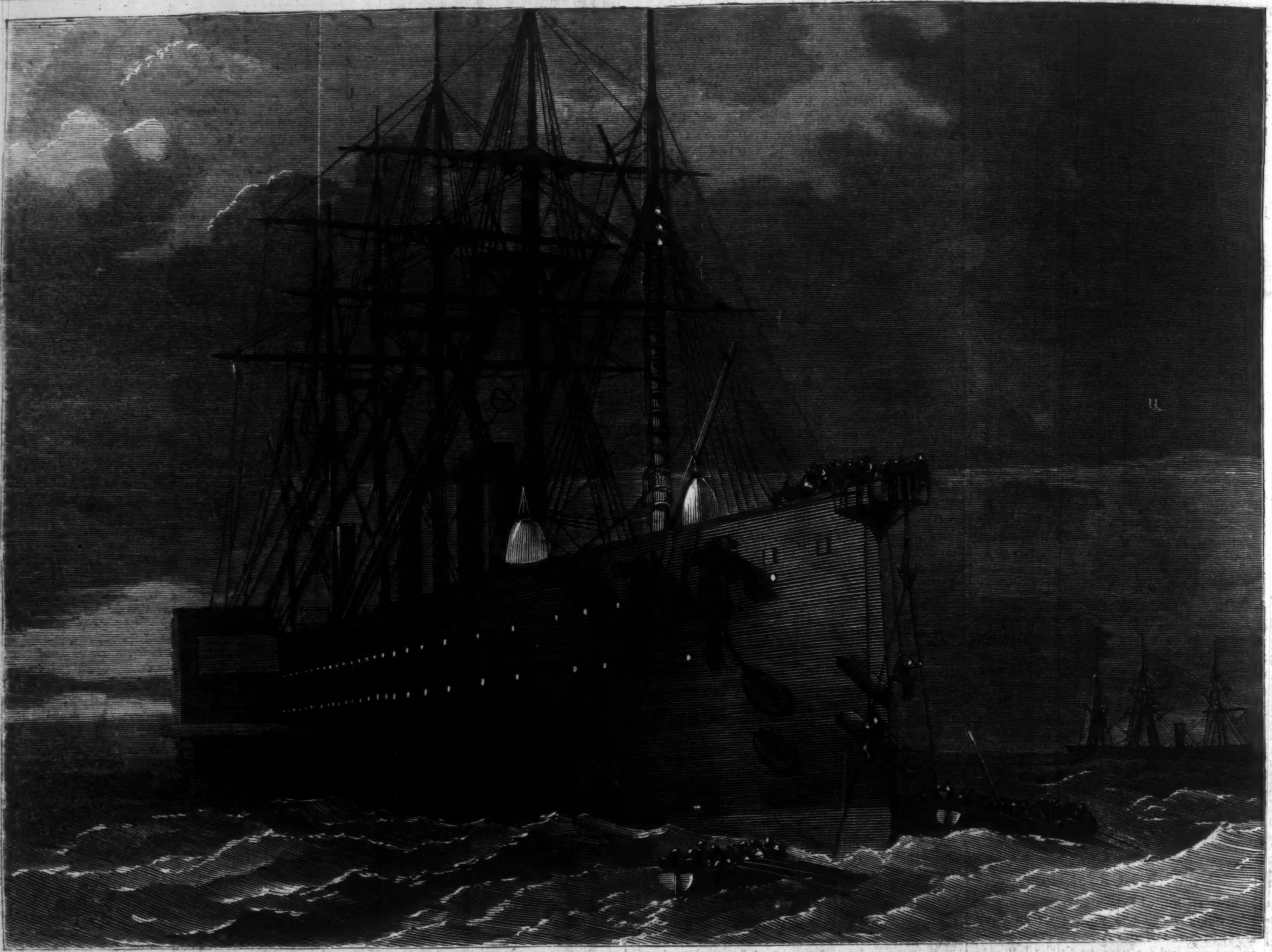
The Emperor Maximilian will probably return in the Austrian frigate which was recently dispatched from Trieste by the Emperor Francis Joseph.

It is said that twenty war steamers will leave for Mexico in November to bring home the entire French force now in that country.

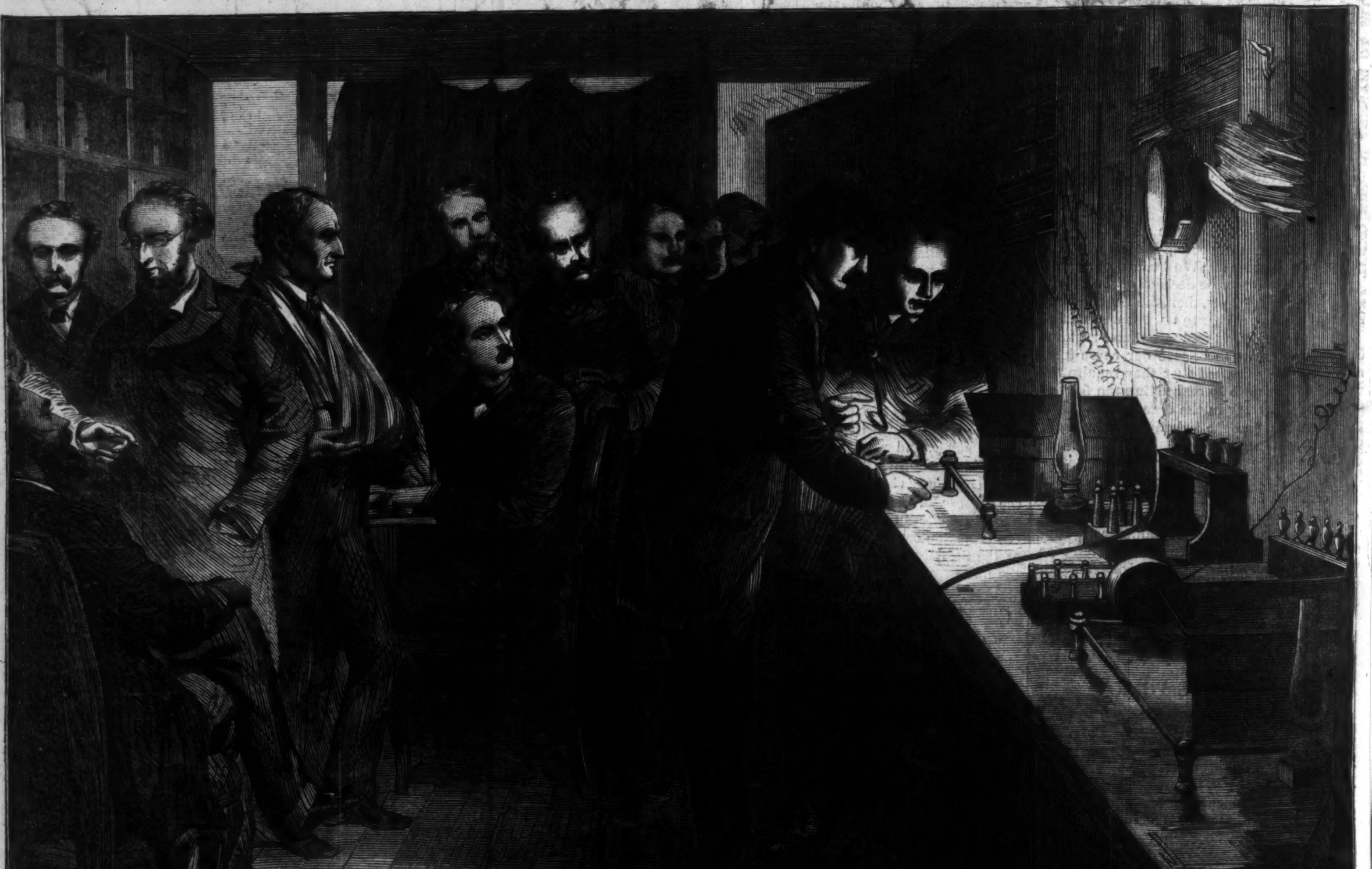
October 27:

(LONDON.)—The project submitted by France and England to the Spanish Government for the settlement of the Chilian difficulty has been approved by the Queen and her Ministers.

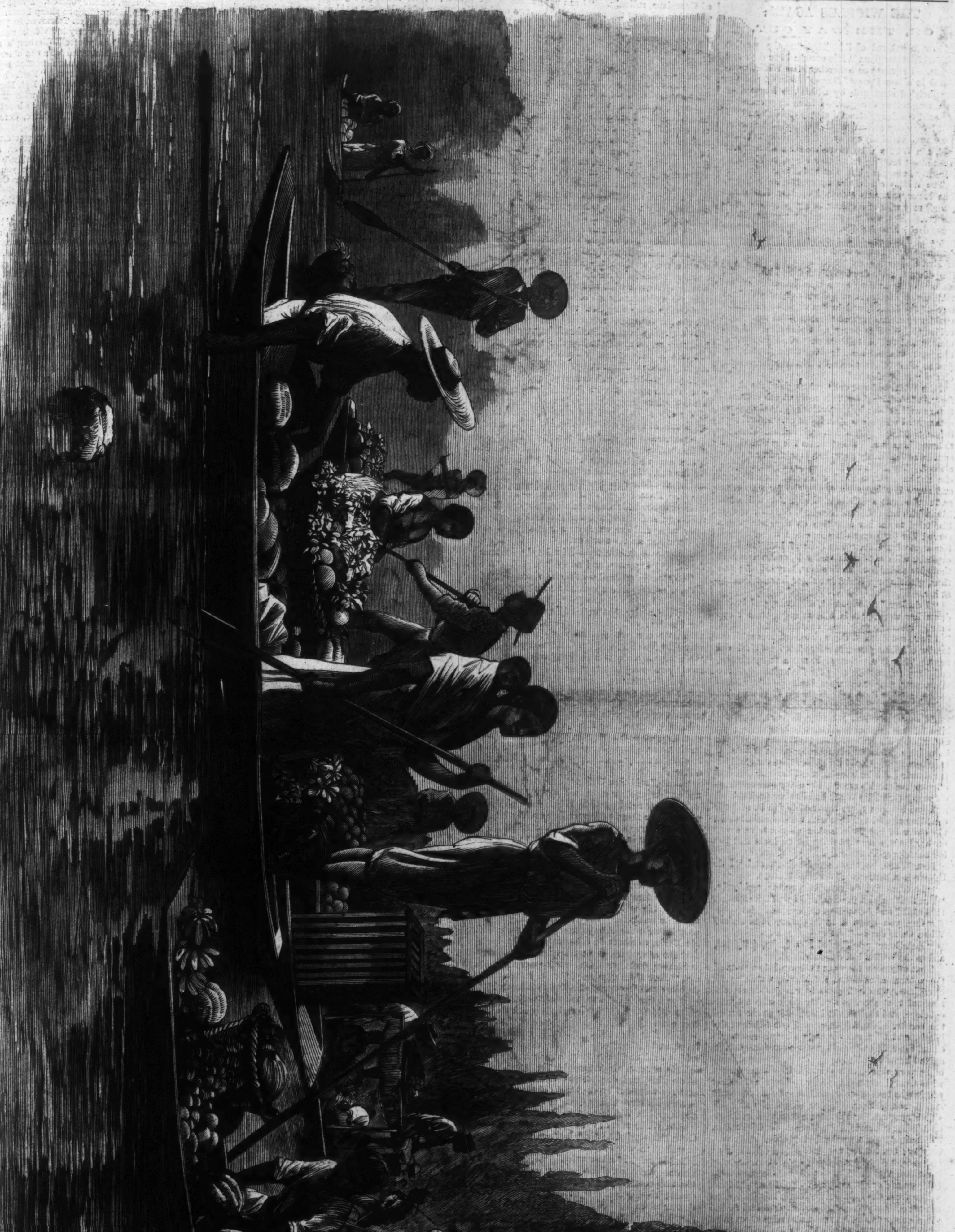
(FLORENCE.)—An arrival from Candia states that another great battle took place on the 17th instant. The Greeks report that the Turkish army was repulsed.



THE "GREAT EASTERN" PICKING UP THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE OF 1865.—[SEE PAGE 718.]



TESTING THE RECOVERED ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE OF 1865.—[SEE PAGE 718.]



MEXICAN INDIANS BRINGING FLOWERS AND FRUITS TO MARKET BY THE CANAL FROM LAKE CHALCO.

THE WIFFLES AGAIN;

OR, THE WAY OUT.

How to get out of it! That was the question with which Georgiana Wiffle occupied her days and nights. Perhaps you remember Miss Wiffle, mentioned in a late issue of *Harper's Weekly*, and the unprincipled stratagem by which she imposed on an unsuspecting druggist. I have been asked if she paid the druggist. Of course she did, and till that happy day arrived walked three blocks out of her way to avoid his corner. Meanwhile, as I have said, the Wiffles were ravening for a dinner, and went about broiling imaginary chops, and looking hungrily at empty platters and gridirons.

The Wiffles rented the upper half of a house. The lower part was occupied by Mrs. Kahn, the round, rosy wife of a grocer in prosperous circumstances. Mrs. Kahn broiled ham for breakfast, roasted chickens for dinner, and fried fish for supper, and these appetizing odors beset the Wiffles continually, and made their hunger more poignant. If Mrs. Kahn could ever have seen the Wiffles sitting down to their dry bread she would have found an excuse for sending more than the odors of her table up stairs; but Mrs. Kahn stood just a little in awe of the Wiffles, and in her wildest imaginings could never have figured those genteel women, so evidently ladies, as hungry. So she broiled and roasted and boiled, to their unspeakable aggravation, and set about cooking a beef-steak, unluckily, just as Miss Wiffle set herself about four little verses on the "Drift of Life."

Miss Wiffle had not even yet received the check for "At Low Tide;" but it is necessary to take editors as well as time by the forelock. As Georgiana commenced operations Mrs. Kahn commenced also below, trotting briskly about, and humming cheerily to herself as she laid the steak on the gridiron. It smelled so deliciously that Georgiana could not write a word. The Drift of Life is a fine subject, but you can not butter it, and pepper it, and turn it over, and move it about a little, that the fat may crisp and not brown; and Miss Wiffle knew as well what Mrs. Kahn was doing as if she had been clairvoyant. She tried to fix her attention on the slate, which served her for paper till she could buy foolscap. She wrote her title, "The Drift of Life," in large capitals, with a flourish under it, and, on second thoughts, added her *nom de plume*, May Lillian; and then, glancing up, found her sister Harriet looking at her.

"I declare," said Harriet, solemnly, and laying down her work, "it is almost more than I can bear! How can people eat continually?"

I have not detailed these circumstances with intention of offering an excuse for what Miss Wiffle did next. This is a photograph, not a fancy sketch, and I am responsible only for the accuracy of my statements, not for the moral make-up of my characters; neither do I believe that we have a right to make roaring lions of ourselves, and go about the world seeking whom we may devour. Suppose Miss Wiffle's butcher could have fathomed the guile under Miss Wiffle's quiet face! What would have been his opinion of his fellow-mortals from that time forward? Could the dinner thus procured for the starving Wiffles have balanced the butcher's loss of confidence in his race? He never guessed, honest man! that Miss Wiffle had left her pocket-book at home because there was nothing in it, and the confiding and friendly pat with which he shut down the cover of her little basket should have smote on her heart, only that druggist business had left her conscience a trifle crisp.

Mrs. Wiffle, however, stood aghast, and "I do believe it is hardening," declared Harriet.

"I presume it is," returned Georgiana, recklessly. "Put the steak on the fire, and I will take another turn at it," and down she went to Mrs. Kahn.

"Can you spare a little butter, Mrs. Kahn? When I was out I—"

"Dear heart, yes!" cried Mrs. Kahn, delighted, and so the Wiffles had a dinner.

That afternoon they were thrown into a state of the wildest excitement, for Mattie, watching for Georgiana, who had gone to the post-office, announced that she was coming back with a brown envelope, and that she had waved it as she turned the corner. Mrs. Wiffle peered out between the blinds, and then ran away to Harry's room, because, she said to herself, "if we are disappointed again I know I shall cry." Harriet sat down, trembling very much, and pretended to be surprised when Georgie opened the door. You see it is only people who lead monotonous lives who affect scenes and demonstrations. Those who deal familiarly with strong emotions slur them over with an affected indifference, and deaden them, as far as possible, by leaving them unuttered, or life would be past bearing; but Mattie, who was only a little mirror, and not yet arrived at feeling, on her own account, burst into a clamorous shout of, "There, mother, I told you so; she has got it!" That brought Mrs. Wiffle from the bedroom. Then Georgiana drew out ten dollars in triumph, for the grocer had cashed the check in one-dollar notes, and piled them in an imposing manner on the table. Mrs. Wiffle began to reckon.

"One dollar and a half for the—"

"Dear me!" cried Harriet, petulantly, "why could you not let us feel rich for five minutes, mother?"

"One dollar and a half to the butcher," pursued Mrs. Wiffle, calmly; half a dollar for Harry's lemons and sugar, one dollar for the druggist; and, as we have to buy butter to repay Mrs. Kahn, and matches, and salt, we may as well call it four dollars."

"Four dollars from ten leaves six," put in Georgiana, sharply, as if something had hurt her. "We must lay aside at least two dollars for Harry."

"I thought I was to have shoes," observed Mattie.

"I met Miss Gregory yesterday, and she almost asked me for that fifty cents," added Harriet.

"I used our last flour yesterday," commenced Mrs. Wiffle, "and the coal—"

"We are in worse plight than before," interrupted Georgiana, sullenly. "I can not get the 'Drift of Life' in print, at the very best, before two weeks. Mrs. Duvernay will not return till next month, and there is no work yet. I stopped at the shop this morning. I can not get credit as I did before, or people will suspect. What are we to do? When people are unable to live in a groove, I suppose it is a clear indication that they are to get out of it. How are we to get out of it?"

Looking over this paragraph, I see that in the heat of writing I have dropped out a secret: a secret which I kept in reserve, because I was a little ashamed of it. There might be a show of gentility in the little poems, and the fine sewing for Mrs. Duvernay being very fine, and done very privately, was not wholly vulgar, though deplorable. As I proceed, however, I can not help saying to myself that I should have preferred to write a story that dealt entirely with the aristocracy, if I knew any thing of them; for even if I had not pronounced the words shop and work how am I to get on in a domestic history that reckons up the Wiffles to their last cent, unless I frankly admit at once that Georgiana earned on the average four dollars a week by sewing for a ladies' furnishing establishment, and so contrived to cover their rent and firing? And now that we understand each other, let us go back to the Wiffles discussing how to get out. Here are the methods discussed:

A Boarding-house.—Dismissed, because they had no furniture, no money to buy it, no money to pay the rent in advance, and no one who would act as security, or lend them money.

Teaching.—Dismissed, because they had no money to rent a room, buy its furniture, and advertise, while teachers in public schools must be graduates of the city schools, and the vacancies were to the applicants in the proportion of one to fifty.

Governessing.—Dismissed. Georgiana, as the prop of the family, could not be spared. Harriet, besides educational deficiencies, was equally indispensable for the domestic service, as Mrs. Wiffle was infirm and much of the time confined to her bed.

Other Branches of Seamstressing.—Dismissed. Neither of the ladies understood mantua-making, or millinery, and Georgiana made as much money by her sewing and her verses as she could have done by operating on the machine.

Removing to the Country.—Dismissed. No money for moving expenses, and no work when there.

The trouble evidently was with that abstraction Fate, who had given a woman a man's responsibilities.

"What a pity that we could not freeze up for a few hundred years or so, and come out on better times, when somebody has made a place in the world for working-women," said Georgie, sighing. "If I were a young man, exactly as clever as I am now, there would be an opening for me in business, and a few years would see me a thriving merchant, or something of the sort, and the Wiffles family would take bread and butter as a matter of course, and not as a thing to be agonized about. Being women, we are doing the best possible now, and need hope for nothing better. I wonder how many butchers and grocers there are in the city. I shall be obliged to try them all, you know, in the course of time."

"Hush," said Mrs. Wiffle, "some one at the door!" and at this juncture came in Mr. Weltie.

You may not know Mr. Weltie, though he is a member of a firm in fair standing in Worth Street; but if you have a good-looking, unmarried, imperative daughter in your house, make no doubt that a man exactly similar visits her. He is a gentleman a little beyond thirty. You know all about him. Where he commenced business, and what he is worth, and you mention the last item with respect. He is a moderate man, inclined to safe, conservative views. He is fine friends with your little boy, and if he wanted any body in your family he would be quite welcome, always excepting the unreasonable Maria, to whom he offers a persistent devotion that she metaphorically tears in pieces and throws in his face, declaring, in answer to your remonstrances, "That if he does not like the treatment why does he come there, she should like to know!"

Why indeed! Not an unmarried neighbor of Georgiana Wiffle that did not indignantly ask that question concerning Mr. Weltie, partner in the firm of Weltie, Maple, & Co.—a man that owned his own house and his horses. They, the unmarried aforesaid, would not have turned their backs on Mr. Weltie, or scornfully refused his invitations, or talked over his head, or pretended to fall asleep, as one entirely worn-out by the length of his visits!

Now all these things Georgie did, and, notwithstanding, Mr. Weltie continued to adore Miss Wiffle.

Mrs. Wiffle rose at once to welcome Mr. Weltie. Georgiana started as if she had a shock.

"Does 'a way out' ever come walking in?" she asked Harriet, in a low voice. "We were looking for one, you know;" and rising, graciously offered the new-comer her hand. Harriet looked bewildered; so did Mr. Weltie. When had she condescended so far before? Several good openings for snubbing Mr. Weltie presented themselves, and when Georgiana passed them by Mrs. Wiffle began to look seriously at her daughter. Miss Wiffle looked seriously also, but not at any one in the company. She was taking a mental survey of their extreme and hopeless poverty. How was Mattie to be educated? Harry would always be ailing. Mrs. Wiffle grew daily more infirm. She had no prospect. She prospered as well as a woman without genius and friends had a right to expect. In fact Miss Wiffle had decided already, when she flashed out that quick question at Harriet, but she pretended with herself that it was still an open question, and asked herself should she take this way out, if life would be bearable with that man? She had her romance like other girls. Her dreams of a perfect love. Was she strong enough to put the romance and the dreams away under seal, and trust her own promise that the seal should never be broken?

Mr. Weltie did not know why Georgie looked at him, and was civil; but he was flattered that she was civil at all, and gathered courage to propose a walk. Mrs. Wiffle and Georgiana accepted the invitation, while Harriet staid at home with the children, and the elements were good to Mr. Weltie, and got up a shower of such proportions that the ladies, being near Mr. Weltie's house, were obliged to shelter there.

Bachelors' houses are apt to be damp and ghostly, and Mr. Weltie's house was no exception to the rule. Leave out the kitchen and his little library, and a more dispirited set of rooms, moped in linen and darkness, were never seen. But then, such a house! marble mantles, and Brussels carpets. And privately lifting one of the linen covers, Mrs. Wiffle ascertained that there was brocatelle beneath; while Mr. Weltie, bustling about for a slight collation, and apologizing for deficiencies, remarked that he kept his silver in the bank.

Hereupon, all unconsciously, Mrs. Wiffle looked at Georgie with an unconscious appeal in her careworn face that made the girl wince, and yet grew in complaisance toward the delighted Weltie.

When a young lady has already elected to be won courtship becomes an easy matter. Mr. Weltie wooed Georgiana with bouquets and silks, with Delmonico's and Dodworth's, with much driving about in carriages, and continual arrival of costly packages in brown paper. The neighbors looked on enviously. The Wiffles beamed, though they were sorely embarrassed and driven to their wit's end for flour, coal, sugar, butter, and dinners generally, in the midst of Georgie's silks and jewel-cases; but there was a way out, for Georgie had told Mr. Weltie, with dignity, "that though she did not love him, she could respect him, and for the sake of her family was willing to marry him," and Mr. Weltie had eagerly taken her at her word. If Miss Wiffle shuddered, and thought about Stamboul, and Circassian girls, and hated the things Mr. Weltie brought her, and saw spots and stains on the whiteness of her bridal robes, no one else was troubled by such unpractical fancies. Mrs. Wiffle looked ten years younger. Harriet grew actually gay. Harry could go to the sea-shore, and Mattie rejoice in new shoes and frocks. A number of people, who had suddenly recollected the Wiffles, declared every where that Georgiana was a sensible girl, and would do well for herself. Shall we throw stones after their carriage, or bid them God-speed, and admit Georgie's excuse: "What other way was there out?"

A MERE SCRATCH.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

The time occupied in the ride home had wrought no change in George's resolution; but it had shown him sufficient of the danger and perplexity of the course he had determined on to suggest some slight cautionary measure. He resolved, therefore, to proceed, without halting, straight to his own dwelling, where, admitted as usual by one of the male domestics, he would retire to his chamber or study, and enjoy a season of reflection, with the consolation, at all events, of being in a position still to exercise some liberty of choice. The idea of present security was thus yet dominant in George's mind, when the door at length opened.

"You have not hurried yourself, I hope," he began. But the fatal words were still on his lips when George became conscious that he was standing face to face with his portly cook!

The young man literally staggered, as if he had received a blow, and his face became deadly white. Collecting himself, however, he gave his horse to a groom, who came running up, and entered the house.

Mrs. Turnover, executing an apologetic bob, or courtesy, was beating a hasty retreat, when her master's voice recalled her.

"Mrs.—Mrs. Turnover, come with me a moment."

He went into a side apartment and sat down. His agitated face alarmed the cook.

"You're ill, I'm afeerd, Sir George. Shall I make you any thing? Cup o' tea: little drop o' sperrets?"

"Nothing. Sit down, if you please."

"Sir!"

"Sit down."

Mrs. Turnover obeyed.

"Tur—Mrs. Turnover, by-the-by, what is your other name? I forget," said her master.

"Barbary Hann, Sir."

"Barbara Ann," his voice trembled.

"Sir!" said the good lady, getting more and more uneasy.

"Barbara" (Mrs. Turnover started), "don't be surprised or annoyed at what you are about to hear."

"Certingly, Sir George," said the cook, getting up to courtesy, and subsiding again. "'Owever, if 'tis about the butter, I've—"

"It has no especial reference to butter, or any thing of that description," said her young master. "Barbara, I give you warning—"

"Warning, Sir!" ejaculated the cook, in consternation. "Whatever 'ave I done?"

"A warning, truly," said her master, with a dismal smile, "but not exactly to—no, Barbara, not to leave me. Listen. I am perfectly serious, perfectly resolved, and I shall presently require of you as serious and as resolved an answer to the perhaps unexpected question I am going to put to you. Without at present entering into fuller explanations, are—are you w—willing, Barbara, to—become—my—*wife?*"

Mrs. Turnover gave utterance to a slight scream, and leaned back in her chair, which creaked, sympathetically, as though exhorting the sitter to take heart. Her first idea was that Sir George had returned home in that peculiar condition, originally invented by the police, and defined in their reports as "been drinking"—that is, while not wholly deserving the jovial adjective "drunk," ripe for any of those little aberrations to which drinking leads. But, remembering his temperate habits, this idea speedily gave place to a worse—namely, that he had gone suddenly mad.

Now the good cook had both heard and read that the prevailing mode of dealing with lunacy at the present day involves a pretended coincidence in, and promotion of, any remarkable fancy. Demeaning herself accordingly, Mrs. Turnover, with a coolness and presence of mind that really astonished herself, returned a soothing answer.

"You're werry good, Sir George" (poor creeter!), "and a werry natural thing" (George started) "it were of you to wish for to give me such a nice little surprise. But—but I don't think you're quite your own quiet self this night. There, now, there! Don't, like a hexcellent gentleman, hexcite yourself. P'raps you're a bit flustered like, with riding so sharp home. You feels that, too," continued Mrs. Turnover, in persuasive accents, "and, at this werry individgial moment, I sees you whisperin' to yourself—Barbary's right. I'll lay down for 'alf an hour, and 've a cup o' tea, and then enjoy any further conwersation comfortably."

"Thank you," replied Sir George. "You're a kind-hearted creature, and you mean well. But, Mrs. Tur—that is, Barbara—understand, I pray, without more words, that I am as sane, as sober, and as heartily in earnest as ever I was in my life. Come, does that satisfy you?"

"O' course it do, Sir George. Unappy creeters! it's what they all says," added Mrs. Turnover, aside. "Never did I see a saner gentleman than him's a settin' there. In hearnest?—why, o' course you aire. What was poor Turnover's last words, Sir George, when sinking?"

"I don't remember—I never heard," said the baronet, absently. "Words?"

"'Putt every confidence in the sperior sect,' he ses. 'Trust 'em. They knows what they're about, and if they does mislead you, why, they're sometimes werry sorry, which makes,' he ses, 'all square.' Whereas, Sir George, I putts trust in *you*, and werry grateful feels for your kind preference," concluded Mrs. Turnover, rising as she spoke, in the hope of putting an end to the embarrassing conference.

"Listen to me, Turnover," said the young man, gravely. "On the supposition that I am mad, you affect to indulge what seems to you an extraordinary fancy, and to receive it as something perfectly natural; nay, to be expected! This is nonsense. Having taken the matter in its insane aspect, suppose you try it now in its reasonable one. Granted the step I propose to take is unusual, and may be judged of by the world in a manner not flattering to my self-esteem, there are reasons which outweigh such considerations. I once more distinctly place before you, Barbara Ann Turnover, heretofore my servant, the opportunity of becoming my *wife*."

"I thought I should ha' dropped," said Mrs. Turnover, subsequently, "when, repeating it so steadfast, as though actially asting the banns, master putt out his hand, kivered with rings, and smiled as sweet as a angel. While I were hesitating and wiping my hand on my apron he came forrard, impatient, and said: 'Come, my good Barbara, I have giv' you a unfair surprige. Go now, for the present, and think over what I have proposed. I don't require you for to kip it,' he ses, 'anyways secret. You will let me know to-morrow morning—yes, to-morrow—to-morrow—' His voice got choky like, and he sot hisself down again, kivering his white face with his hands. Which I courtesied," concluded Mrs. Turnover, "and, upset as I were, didn't I go, as fast as ever I walked in my life! But I didn't get no further than the staircage, for theer I simmed to forgit whear I was, and all about it."

George had raised his eyes in time to witness that precipitate movement of retreat Mrs. Turnover has herself described. It recalled so vividly the action of a frightened goose that he could not repress a bitter smile.

"She will do justice to the name in *one* particular at least!" he muttered.

He was in the act of rising to go to his chamber, when a loud, singular sound, such as, if a pony ever uttered an audible laugh, might be produced by that animal, echoed from the staircase, followed by a wail and sobs so unmistakably human that the young man rushed out to inquire their source, and beheld the poor cook on the upper steps in high hysterics. Before he could summon assistance the distressful accents had reached other ears, for somebody—it was a young person George had never before seen—came bounding from an adjacent apartment to the rescue. For a second their eyes met. George had only time to note that the face, though somewhat haughty in expression, was of singular beauty, and further, that a crimson flush mounted, unnecessarily as it seemed, to the stranger's brow, when other help arrived, and the young master of the house discreetly withdrew.

"What noble features! and, by Jove! what a complexion!" was his comment. "That blush alone was perfection. Ah, nature, who can paint like thee? Who *is* the girl, I wonder? Not of these parts, surely. No servant, I am sure. Perhaps a seamstress of Clara's. Perhaps—"

He fell into a strange reverie, standing so long with one boot off and leaning on a chair that he positively started when, rousing himself, he looked at his watch. Night was coming on, a fact of which he was further apprised by the appearance of Mr. Fanshaw, the butler, bringing candles, and a request to know if he would be pleased to take dinner.

Sir George declined the superior meal, but ordered coffee to be brought to his room, and prepared to write. Thereupon Mr. Fanshaw, after a slight and purposeless buzz about the room, and a wistful but stealthy look at his master, withdrew.

George had caught the look in his mirror.

"They all know it, then, by this time!" was his correct conclusion.

When Mr. Fanshaw reappeared with the coffee George forced himself to inquire for Mrs. Turnover.

Either the good lady anticipated the query, or Mr. Fanshaw was good at improvisation, for he at once replied:

"Mrs. Turnover's duty, Sir George; she 'ave laid down for a few minutes, Sir George, and feels quite charmin', Sir George."

The suitor uttered something between a cough and a groan, and turned steadily to his writing.

He was occupied with one letter full half an hour. The pen traveled swiftly, but the journey was apparently in vain, for at the end of several pages George suddenly stopped, glanced back hastily at what he had written, and tore the whole to atoms.

"To *her*, to-morrow," he muttered. "To-night I am distraught. Poor Clara!"

Poor George! may be added. For it is no easy matter to communicate in an entirely satisfactory manner, to the most attached of sisters (especially if she be the wife of a haughty earl) that you are about to be affianced to your cook.

"It is too late for the post, I suppose?" said George to the butler, who entered at this moment.

"Not if 'tis sent immediately, Sir George," was the reply. "Dawes can take it at once, Sir George; he's at the stable gate now, Sir George, with the dog-cart, Sir George."

"The dog-cart? Why?"

"Going to take Miss Esther, Sir George."

"Who is Miss Esther?"

"Miss Vann, Sir George. Mrs. Turnover's niece, Sir George," said Mr. Fanshaw, promptly.

"Mr. Dawes does not consider it necessary to await my orders, it would seem," said the young baronet, with unwonted tartness. "Be good enough to desire

him to put up the dog-cart instantly. I have *no* letters to-night."

"And, and the young la—, person, Sir George? 'Tis too far for such a girl to walk at night, and all alone, Sir George."

"Who wants her to walk? She can sleep here if she chooses."

Mr. Fanshaw quitted the room.

"Not badly managed," thought George. "Two things gained. I must keep down this disposition in my household to treat me as they please. This will be more than ever necessary *now*. And I shall perhaps also see how the *morning* roses bloom. How pretty she was!"

The butler reappeared.

"I beg pardon, Sir George; Mrs. Turnover is quite agreeable, Sir George; but Miss Esther herself insists on walking home, Sir George, nor we can't perwent her, Sir George."

"Present my compliments to Miss—what name did you say?—Esther—and request her, as a favor, not to put me to the pain of sending a lady from Gosling Graize, even in a carriage, at this hour of the night, when twenty chambers are at her disposal. Dawes will receive her orders in the morning, at any hour she pleases."

"Yes, Sir George, very good, Sir George," said Mr. Fanshaw, evidently approving the amended message, and went his way.

George thought of Mildred till he went to sleep. A revolution then occurred, and slumber, which has a tyranny of its own, decreed, and somehow contrived, that he should dream of Esther Vann.

CHAPTER IV.

IN the mean time there had been proceeding, in the apartment occupied by Mrs. Mapes, the housekeeper, a grand council, or divan. Stretched upon a couch (for she was, as has been stated, a victim to rheumatism), Mrs. Mapes, excited by the astounding intelligence which had reached her, looked less like an invalid than might have been expected, and took an ample share in the deliberations. Truth to say, these were almost exclusively of a conjectural character, and had reference to the enigma present to every mind, and expressing itself *there*, in the simple terms "how ever master can mean to make such a fool of hisself as *this* comes to!"

The heroine of that eventful day—Mrs. Turnover herself—was seated in a chair of state, close beside the presidential couch, surrounded by her admiring, not to say wondering, friends, while Esther sat apart, pale, sad, bewildered, hardly able to believe that what she saw and heard was not a foolish dream. Compelled to yield to Sir George's proposition, she was content to let it be thought that the restraint put upon her movements had slightly affected her temper, and made her disinclined to take part in the debate.

"And you are *sure*, my dear soul, he ain't mad?" said Mrs. Mapes, affectionately (for she didn't like her), placing her hand on the pudgy paw of Mrs. Turnover.

Some hours, it will be remembered, had now elapsed since Sir George's return, and the observant reader, aware how readily the human mind adapts itself to the most unexpected contingencies, will not be surprised to learn that Mrs. Turnover began to be a little annoyed at the circumstance of every body at once jumping to the conclusion that nothing short of insanity could explain their master's choice. She therefore replied with a little acerbity, that he might have been mad, for aught she knew; but, at the same time, he evidently know'd well enough what he was a doing on.

"Don't be angry, my dear creature," said the mild housekeeper. "*We* don't think it strange, we that know your value, that you should have a handsome offer. But master's seen so little of you, so *very* little, hasn't he? What ever can be his reason?"

"To be sure, he've seen a good deal more of *you*," retorted Mrs. Turnover. "But it don't seem to have made any difference, in a matrimonial pint o' view."

"He might have heard what a hexlent creetur you be," said Gertrude, going in betimes for serious flattery.

"It's not a sudding thing," remarked the laundry-maid. "Depend upon it, this has been a long time shimmering in his mind. He wanted to be quite sure of his feelins. It's ockard, when a man ses slap he loves you, and then finds he don't. That's why master was so long speaking out."

"Well, at all events he done it effectually at last," said Mrs. Turnover, hardly knowing whether the last speech could be taken in a complimentary sense or not.

"There's no guessin' o' men. They hides their feelins so," said Gertrude, who squinted, had a snub nose, and from whom mankind in general had managed to conceal their feelings most successfully.

"Did you notice any simtims of offection at hodd times, such as when he was a-hordering dinner, or paying your wages, and that, ma'am?" inquired Mr. Fanshaw, whose presence in the lady's room was tolerated in consideration of the importance of the occasion, and on condition that he did not sit down. "Come! did he never make no excuse for to squeedge your hand?"

"I—I don't remember as he ever did—no, I am positive he never did," said Mrs. Turnover, after due reflection.

"Or was you ever sittin' by him permiscus any wheres, when he's nudged you, or pinched your helbo?" pursued Mr. Fanshaw, whose ideas of wooing seemed exclusively muscular.

"Never," said the lady.

"P'raps he's heard as you're 'titled to some money!" suggested a voice in the distance. But this spiteful idea was scouted.

"It can't hardly be my figger," said the cook, frankly. "N' more it couldn't be my face, for I'm changed a bit since Turnover first kep company with me at Habbot's Hann. I *weer* pretty then."

"Why, what aire you *now*, ma'am?" put in the unblushing Gertrude. "Look at your heye, and your 'air. I've heard tell it used to be sot upon."

"Law!" said Mr. Fanshaw. "Is that good for the hair?"

"Turnover was as proud as a peacock of my curls, just as if they was his own," said his relict, with a sigh. "His last words to me, huttered just as his voice was failing, was these: 'Barbary,' he ses, 'give me some drops.' We giv' 'em. Then he goes on, 'French is good 'air, specially for middle-aged fronts and puffers. North German makes good working wigs; but Swish is best of all,' he ses. 'I've paid,' he ses, graspin' my hand, 'as much as three pound siven, ay, and three pound twelve, for Swish light brown, afore baking. But into any thing like *yours*, for substance, glosh, and fibre, I never yet did put a comb! —Adoo.'"

"Well now, to business," said Mrs. Mapes. "What shall you say, my dear? Of *course*, if master's offer's serious, you accept it. The only question then is, *is* it serious?"

"Yes, ma'am, it is," said Mrs. Turnover, resolutely. "Make yourself quite easy as to *that*. When a gentleman asks you in plain words whether you'll be his wife, I suppose he means to ask whether his wife you will be."

Mrs. Mapes admitted that the phrase might be regarded as convertible; but, as a final conjecture, would submit to the general suffrage, whether it were not possible that the young master's desire to retain permanently near him a person so skilled in her peculiar vocation was the real motive of his choice.

Mrs. Turnover thought within herself that the object might have been attained on somewhat cheaper conditions; but she made no reply.

"Well, *I* always fancied there was some one else master fancied," said the housekeeper.

"You mean—hum—down there, the Haie," said Mr. Fanshaw, darkly.

Mrs. Mapes nodded. Esther suddenly felt herself becoming interested in the conversation; but it was not pursued in this direction, and, feeling weary, she bade the party good-night, reminding them that she had to be stirring early.

"Master's made a mistake," said Mr. Fanshaw, in an undertone to the housekeeper, during the little movement caused by Esther's exit, "and took the wrong mimber of the family!"

Mrs. Mapes smiled, and the council, too much interested in their subject to think of separating at present, returned to the discussion.

"Don't you feel all in a twitter, ma'am?" inquired Dolly.

Mrs. Turnover responded to the effect that "twitter" time was past, and all she was conscious of was a sort of heavy settlin' down.

It occurred to some of the circle that this state of things would shortly become more applicable to the other party to the projected alliance.

It being now universally assumed that Sir George's suit was to receive a favorable answer, the next consideration was *how* it should be conveyed; and on this point Mrs. Turnover, after a little coquetting, frankly avowed herself at fault, and invited co-operation.

"*I* should do it respectful but cordiwal," said Mr. Fanshaw.

Assent, qualified by an unspoken impression that, on such a subject, Mr. Fanshaw should have permitted the ladies to speak first.

"Pop upon him when he leaves his room," proposed Gertrude. "He'd take it kind."

"I think I wouldn't be *too* forward," said the housekeeper.

"Send word you couldn't come for orders about dinner, being that you was hupset," said Dolly.

"I think I wouldn't be too *backward*," said Mrs. Mapes.

"Meet him promiscus, and say you've loved him these twelve long year, and is it come to *this*?" was the daring counsel of Martha, the kitchen-maid.

"I won't do nothin' o' the sort," said the honest-hearted cook, indignantly. "Besides, a precious fool you'd make me out to be, spoonin' on a little boy in fall-down collars! Catch me saying it."

"You *must* give master his answer, child," said Mrs. Mapes, in full enjoyment of the difficulty. "Come, now, rouse yourself, and think about what you're to say."

"I won't say nothin'," said the cook; "I'll—I'll write."

But this craven resolution was received as it deserved, with manifest disfavor. Nevertheless the lady was firm. She would reply by letter.

"And slip it under his door," was one suggestion.

"Or pin it on the breakfast 'am," was another.

"Or lay it in a hopen tart," was a third.

It seemed that the idea of sending such a letter in the ordinary way was not to be dreamed of.

"Well, now, about the letter," said Mrs. Mapes, settling herself comfortably. "I suppose you don't want any assistance *there*."

(In other words, "I know we shall have to do it for you; so now for some fun!")

Mrs. Turnover declared that she would be greatly obliged for any suggestions.

"The last words Turnover ses to me, so as to be understood distinct," added the good lady, deliberately, "was these: 'Never, Barbary, never be above hearing adwice that's freely offered. The best of *that* sort generally is, that you needn't foller it. Adoo!'"

Far from being deterred by this last qualification, the council plunged at once into the discussion, and a consultation ensued, in which every body, except Mr. Fanshaw, took part at the same moment. That gentleman, remarking that the subject was becoming delicate, took his departure.

Numerous were the forms of love-letters adduced as precedents, and many interesting quotations—chiefly, it would seem, derived from valentines—imparted a poetic character to the debate. But none of these exactly hit the point. It is not every day that a young baronet of ancient lineage, aged twenty-five, proposes to his cook, of fifty.

"This will never do," said the lady-president, getting rather weary of the bootless clamor. "Suppose I write down what each or any one has to propose, and we can correct the letter afterward."

The proposition was adopted. Paper and ink were produced, and Mrs. Mapes, whose right hand was fortunately effective, commenced the epistle thus:

"'Honored Sir—'"

"I don't know about 'honored'" said Mrs. Turnover. "Don't it read distant?"

"I thought we were to *write* the letter first," said the housekeeper. "Now, then—'Honored Sir—'"

"'Being as you wished an immediate answer,'" suggested Gertrude, and stopped, exhausted.

"'To your ansum propojial,'" said Dolly, rushing to the rescue.

"'Made to your umble servant, Barbary Hann Turnover,'" prompted Martha.

"That'll do capital!" cried Mrs. Turnover, thinking the letter finished. "Who's got a seal?"

"I don't think *that* would satisfy any body," said Mrs. Mapes. "Do you accept, or *don't you*?"

"'Which,'" said the lady chiefly interested, making a great effort—"'which, if you railly think it's for your 'appiness—'"

"'Happiness'—yes?" said the lady-president.

"'Why, *you* know best,'" said the laundry-maid, timidly.

Mrs. Turnover nodded approval.

"Shouldn't you add something about not being fully prepared—you know, unexpected—that sort of thing?" asked the housekeeper.

"'Took by surprige,'" resumed the inexhaustible Dolly.

"'In my hapron and all,'" put in Mrs. Turnover.

"'I might have simmed—have simmed,'" said Gertrude, and again collapsed.

"'More cooler,'" suggested Martha.

"'Than suckemstarnces required,'" said the laundry-maid, timidly interrogative.

"'But, for the futur, you sha'n't—you sha'n't—have no—no—'" hesitated Dolly.

"'No call to complain,'" said Mrs. Turnover, desperately. "There, that'll do. I signs it."

"Oh, Mrs. Turnover, ma'am, there's something forgot," said Dolly.

"Forgot?"

"They usually, so they tells me" (Dolly blushed), "sends a lock of 'air."

"Bless my heart, *do* they?" cried the lady.

"Yes, and yours is so beautiful thick! Let me cut off a bit. There, don't be shy, ma'am," said Gertrude, playfully.

"Well, here, hunderneath, wheer it ain't so gray," said Mrs. Turnover, hitching up her cap.

An iron-gray tuft being presently secured and tied—to avoid dangerous contrasts—with white thread.

"Now, listen," said the lady in the chair; "here's the letter." She had made some improvements in the spelling, but retained the sense intact:

"'HONORED SIR,—Being as you wished an immediate answer to your handsome proposal made to your humble servant, Barbara Ann Turnover, which, if you really think it's for your happiness, why, *you knows best*. Took by surprise, in my apron and all, I might have seemed more cooler than circumstances required; but, for the future, you sha'n't have no call to complain.

"'Yours to command,

"'BARBARA ANN TURNOVER.'

"Well," concluded Mrs. Mapes, "will it do?"

"I don't like 'honored Sir,'" said Mrs. Turnover, returning to her former criticism. "It reads cold, and besides, ma'am, he *didn't* ask for an immediate answer, nor I never said he did."

"Very good, my dear. I cut that out," said Mrs. Mapes.

"Now she needn't put her name theer, since 'tis signed at the end," remarked Dolly.

"*That's* out," said Mrs. Mapes.

"Now, ain't *this* raything queer; 'if you railly thinks it's for your happiness, ansetterer,'" said Gertrude. "O' course it's for his happiness, and o' course he know'd it so to be. 'If' sounds hunbelieving."

"Truly, ma'am," said Mrs. Turnover.

"*That's* out," said the lady with the pen.

"Mrs. Turnover, ma'am," said the laundry-maid, humbly, "I ask for information. Don't it seem as if 'took by surprise' meant to reproge him?"

"Good gracious, child! Reproach! Not for any sake!" exclaimed the lady, much disturbed. "Out with it, please, ma'am, quick!"

"It's out," replied the president. "Now about 'the future?'"

"If I were Mrs. Turnover, little enough I'd promige about *that*," said Dolly, darkly. "Fust you see how he beyaves hisself."

"Perhaps you're right, child," said the cook. "The very last hordible words poor Tur—"

"There, *that's* out," interrupted Mrs. Mapes, and she laid down the pen.

"Go on, if you please, 'm," said Mrs. Turnover.

"That's all."

"Why, bless me! what's gone of the letter?" ejaculated Mrs. Turnover, looking at the document in some dismay.

"There's nothing left but 'yours to command,' the name, and the hair," said Mrs. Mapes.

There was a subdued giggle in the assembly at this unexpected result of their labors, but Mrs. Mapes, who was becoming sleepy, comforted them with the assurance that nothing in the world could be better than what still remained. The hair, and the "yours to command," at once announced that the offer was accepted, and that Mrs. Turnover purposed to be a dutiful spouse.

This appearing satisfactory, thanks were presented to Mrs. Mapes for her "able conduct in the chair," and the council separated to their respective apartments, leaving Gosling Graize under the guardianship of the ever wakeful ancestors, who frowned and smirked below.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IN an article which recently appeared in one of our daily journals it was stated that last year, during the "ball season," at least *one thousand* balls were given in New York city; and that it was probable the number would reach *twelve hundred* during the five regular months of the coming season. This is exclusive of the innumerable soirees, private parties, and other convivial gatherings where dancing is practiced. It was also estimated that an average of one hundred and fifty persons would attend each one of these balls; giving a total of 180,000 persons. An additional estimate was made something as follows: that if, out of the above number, 30,000 gentlemen attire themselves as fashion dictates, and attend half a dozen of these balls, their expenditures would amount to the enormous sum of $5,700,000; and if but 5000 ladies expend on their ball-dress what would be regarded as a reasonable average by many fashionable ladies, we should have an additional sum of $1,425,000. This gives a grand total of $7,125,000—an amount sufficient to build more than 3500 comfortable houses for the poor, at $2000 each, or to supply something like 20,000 poor families with food and fuel during the dancing season!

Whether such considerations as these will have the effect to turn any of the above-mentioned seven millions into benevolent channels, or whether any of the 180,000 dancers will wisely conclude that *all* species of gymnastics are more healthfully practiced at other times than at the "wee short" hours of night, we can not say. We trust, however, that a recent revolution in fashions, just reported from Paris, will prove a *financial* advantage—and that ladies will be content with the diminished quantity of material put into ball-dresses, and not be foolishly ambitious to add the *cost* of the formerly fashionable *trains* to some other portion of their dress.

We are forgetting, by-the-way, to enlarge upon the latest fashions—a matter we had in mind on first taking our pen. For the question of dress is a very perplexing one; and though an unfortunately large number devote undue care and thought to the subject, there are many who desire to bestow upon personal adornment only such attention as is fit and proper. Both classes, however, wish to keep somewhat "posted up" in regard to the changes of fashion.

The Paris journals state that the Court dress-maker has actually made ball-dresses with short skirts—a great innovation, since trains have so long been regarded as essential to a fashionable evening toilet. It is said that the Empress wishes trains to be worn on all ceremonious occasions; but that she will encourage short skirts for dancing as trains are so inconvenient.

This shortening of ball-dresses will probably lead to the same operation with dinner-dresses and evening toilets of all descriptions. Trained skirts in the streets are now absolutely suppressed in Paris.

Tarlatan skirts are now made very simply; they have either a plain ruche or three narrow-quilled flounces round the edge. A pretty addition to an evening dress is a *basque* cut out round the edge in six scollops. This *basque* is entirely closed in front, and is trimmed with buttons; it is usually made in some heavy material, and particularly in velvet. Black and white lace peplums are intended to be worn over rich silk, satin, and velvet evening dresses. Sleeves are very short in evening dresses, but bodices are not cut so low as they were a few months ago.

Paletôts for the approaching winter season are all lined, even cloth ones; consequently thick cloths are not used. Young girls will wear out of doors exceedingly short velvet *casaques*—indeed so short that they look nothing more than house-jackets. They are trimmed either with broad braid or fringe, and they never fail to have the long reins or streamers appended to the back.

A graceful style of arranging the hair for evening is formed with four small rolled *bandeaux* which taper one above the other, and leave the ears perfectly uncovered; in order to separate these small *bandeaux*, either a narrow gold cord, or an equally narrow velvet ribbon of some bright and becoming color is used; the *chignon* is a row of thick curls pinned up at the ends, which is covered with a fine net made either of gold, silver, or hair. A bow of velvet with long flowing ends is added at the top of the *chignon*, but if gold cord has been used to separate the *bandeaux*, then gold cord and tassels are substituted for the velvet bow.

The Commissioner of Statistics in the State of Ohio reports that the number of marriages for the year ending July 1, 1866, is full twenty per cent. above that in any previous year, making the aggregate increase in the State six thousand over any previous year. This is a pretty decided indication that the young men who served in our army were wearied with excitement and the loss of home comforts, and desired when they were discharged from service to possess a home of their own.

A Washington journal records a climax of "matrimonial coincidences." A short time ago a gentleman residing in Philadelphia celebrated his "golden wedding," his eldest daughter's "silver wedding," and at the same time the wedding of his youngest daughter. Relatives were present from Indiana, Ohio, and Germany. Such a triple celebration is truly remarkable.

An exchange, in comparing the children of nowadays with those of olden times, speaks of our first parents in the following unique strain:

"We talk about Adam and Eve as having been, before the fall, in a very 'happy condition,' but one thing they missed—*they were never children!* Adam never played marbles. He never played 'hookey.' He never drove tandem of boys with a string. He never skated on a pond, or played 'ball,' or rode down hill on a hand-sled. And Eve—she never made a play-house; she never took tea with another little girl from the tea-table set out with the tea-things. She never rolled a hoop, or jumped the rope, or pieced a baby-quilt, or dressed a doll. They never played 'blind-man's buff,' or 'pussy wants a corner,' or 'hurly-burly,' or any of the games with which childhood disports itself. How blank their age must have been, wherein no memories of early youth came welling up in their hearts."

The following extract from an English letter will afford food for thought to many a person who has searched vainly through this great city for a nice clean place where a good dinner can be served at a trifling cost; and, moreover, this same extract might be easily "*digested*" by some benevolent individual in this country.

"A man of benevolence and wealth in Glasgow has opened a large number of establishments where meals, simple but sufficient, are provided at a very small cost—breakfast for seven cents, and dinner for—well, wait till I tell you. I entered, determined to make actual trial of the ordinary bill of fare prepared for the working-man, paid my money for the usual plain dinner, and sat down to a little table. The dinner instantly laid before me consisted of three courses. Course first—A bowl of pea-soup, well made and hot, which I ate with good relish, being fond of the dish. Course second—Corned beef and three mealy potatoes. The beef was tender and not too salt, and the potatoes just as they should be. Course third—Plum-pudding, savory and toothsome, plentiful in raisins, without being heavy. There was a dinner not to be despised by any hungry man, and it cost just nine cents. So much for purchasing and cooking food in large quantities. The proprietor manages to make his outlay return him the ordinary interest on his money."

A California paper, in commenting upon the great temptation to profanity in that country, gives the following incident:

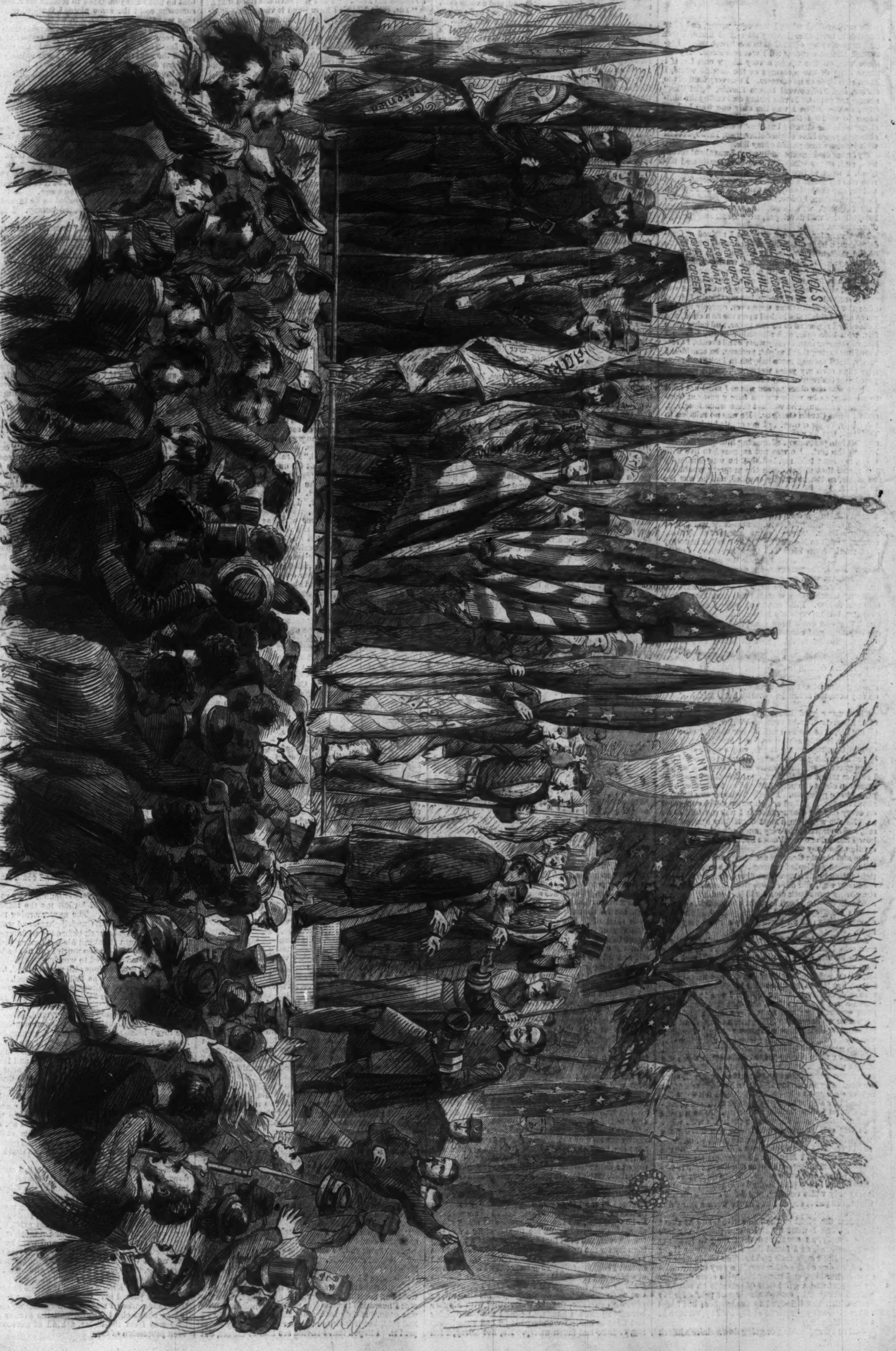
"An intelligent lady of our acquaintance, whose little boy was beginning this talk, anxious to express to her child her horror of profanity, hit upon the novel process of washing out his mouth with soap-suds whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy understood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath and the taste of suds, which together produced the desired result."

By all means go to the Paris Exhibition; especially if you like chocolate. The latest announcement is that one "kiosk," whatever that may be, will be "wholly devoted" to chocolate. In the centre will be the cacao-tree. A person thoroughly understanding the subject will explain the process of gathering the bean, of drying, and of preparing it. Another will enlighten the ignorant as to how it is crushed, pounded, and mixed with sugar and flavoring condiments. Making bonbons and tablets will be done by machines in constant work; and, finally, visitors will be enabled to appreciate the merit of the system employed by imbibing cups of chocolate, which will be handed around by young women. We deem it a matter of importance to have that chocolate carefully tested, and its merits made public; therefore we shall try it—if a cup is handed to us!

Among the curious discoveries of modern times is one which has just been made in Milan. It seems that in one of the faubourgs of that city was a statue of St. Madeleine, which, from time immemorial, miraculously poured its tears on infidels and heretics. After the success of the Italian revolution it wept copiously. But at length it happened that the venerated monument needed repairs, and it was necessary to remove the statue, when, behold, it was found to contain a little reservoir of water, which was heated by means of a furnace concealed in the base. The water, in evaporating, rose to the head of the statue, where it condensed and reached to two little tubes of the eyes, when it escaped and ran drop by drop over the cheeks. A very ingenious arrangement that! We wonder if some contrivance for weeping by steam could not be introduced into society generally. It would be a great convenience sometimes to ladies who depend on tears to move hard-hearted papas or miserly husbands.

THE INTERNATIONAL SUSPENSION BRIDGE, TWO MILES BELOW NIAGARA FALLS.—Photographed by Rockwood & Co, 839 Broadway, New York.—[See Page 718.]

RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE GENESEE RIVER AT PORTAGE, NEW YORK.—Photographed by Rockwood & Co.—[See Page 718.]



PRESENTATION OF MEDALS TO THE VETERANS OF BROOKLYN, OCTOBER 25, 1866.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 716.]

ESTELLE.

I.

MY mother died when I was very young, and after her death, my father having no settled home, I was sent to receive my education in a convent, where I remained almost entirely till I was seventeen. My life there was, on the whole, a very happy one, for, if I knew little of the pleasures of the outside world, I knew also little of its sorrows. I was very fond of the sisters, and had several bosom friends, "girl like," among the pupils. It was rather dull during the holidays, as very often I was the only one who had no home to which I might go, and I was left entirely alone with the sisters; but they were so kind, that, although years have elapsed since then, I always recall with pleasure that period of my life.

My father died unexpectedly when I was about seventeen, and, as my education was then considered finished, I went to live with my aunt, Mrs. Verecroft, who was my father's sister. My Aunt Verecroft was a widow, and she had only one child, my Cousin Estelle. Estelle was then, I fancy, about five or six-and-twenty, very beautiful, with large flashing dark eyes, dark hair, tall and well developed, with the air and carriage of a princess.

I felt very lonely the first night I arrived at Gundringham, a large old-fashioned house, situated in one of the midland counties. It was built in red brick with deep mullioned windows, and was surrounded by a richly wooded park, with a river winding away in the distance, forming altogether a pretty landscape. My aunt, who seemed to be a very gentle, quiet woman, received me most kindly, but my Cousin Estelle, after the first salutations were over, scarcely noticed me at all. I think she looked upon me as a child, and I dare say I appeared to be one to her, and being quite fair, with blue eyes, and altogether petite, I fancy I looked younger than I really was; at all events, I overheard her saying that I might, perhaps, be considered pretty, but I seemed more babyish in looks and manners than even my years warranted, which she supposed was the result of my convent education.

There was one other person whom I must not omit to mention, as he made up the family party at Gundringham, although he was not there when I arrived, and this was Cousin Geoffrey. He was no relation to me really, being a cousin of my aunt's husband, Mr. Verecroft, but he was always called Cousin Geoffrey, so I fell into that way of addressing him quite naturally with the rest. He was not supposed to live with them, my aunt told me, but that he was constantly there, and that at her death the property would become his, as it was strictly entailed, and he was the next heir.

I was very glad when Cousin Geoffrey did come, for Estelle hardly took any notice of me, and my aunt was a great deal in her own room, and even when she was not she sat quite quietly in an arm-chair working or reading a book. The real management of every thing seemed to fall to Estelle, and I think in her heart my aunt would have been afraid to interfere. Cousin Geoffrey took quite a load off me the first day he arrived. He was about seven-and-twenty, tall, and very good-looking, with a certain careless freedom of manner that seemed to oblige people to let him have his own way whether they would or no; even Estelle was different to him. I did not know what power he had over her, but he certainly influenced her as I did not think any one could have done, and she deferred to his opinions and consulted his wishes in a manner that surprised me; and she was softer, too, in her manner to him than any one else, and I noticed her eyes would follow him when she thought no one observed her. Cousin Geoffrey was very kind to me; he helped me to arrange my collection of wild flowers, and sometimes he took me out walking, and he never on any occasion seemed to overlook me as the others did.

There was a good deal more bustle at Gundringham after his arrival, and to me, who had lived so quietly all my life, it seemed an endless round of gayety; but I suppose it only *seemed* so, for I heard Estelle and Cousin Geoffrey saying it was very stupid, and they hoped something would happen soon to enliven them. Some guest or another dined nearly every day, and, as I seldom talked myself, I enjoyed listening to the conversation about the neighborhood and whatever happened to be going on. I don't think any one thought about me at all. I had a high white dress, so I put it on every day for dinner, though I was not told to do so. Estelle was always most beautifully dressed herself, and appeared to be very much admired, but somehow I fancied she cared more about Cousin Geoffrey's opinion than any one else's.

She and Cousin Geoffrey used to go out riding. Estelle looked particularly attractive on horseback; the tight-fitting habit showed her figure, and she rode exceedingly well, and after those rides it struck me that she always came back looking bright and happy. My aunt said they had been brought up together, she and Cousin Geoffrey, so that naturally they liked each other's society; at all events, they seemed very intimate.

About a fortnight after Cousin Geoffrey's arrival my aunt asked me if I should like to go to a ball, as there was to be one given in the neighborhood, and that they were invited. I hardly knew what to say. Estelle, I thought, looked as if she did not want me to accept, but it was finally settled by Cousin Geoffrey, who said, decisively, that of course I was to be introduced some day or another, and that this was a very good opportunity; and so it was arranged. A few days after we drove into Allington, a town about five miles off, for Estelle to select dresses. Cousin Geoffrey went with us, but declined going into the milliner's, saying, gayly, that he hated seeing the raw materials, and that he could only judge of the effect when the things were worn. We watched his handsome face and figure going leisurely down the street, and then we went in by ourselves to Madame Mackenzie's. The milliner seemed to know Estelle, and I felt quite bewildered by all the lovely things she drew out of cupboards and boxes for her inspection. After a great deal of talking and choosing, a pink silk with white lace was settled upon, and Estelle was leaving the shop without even remembering me at all, when I ventured to ask if I was not to have a dress also. So she stopped, and told Madame Mackenzie, hurriedly, to make me something—whatever she liked, only it was to be white, and quite plain. When my dress did come home, I thought it looked very pretty, although it was only white tarlatan, and I felt quite childishly anxious to put it on, as I had never worn a low dress before.

At last the night of the ball arrived, and at about eight o'clock I went up stairs and plaited my hair quite simply, as usual, and then rang to have my dress fastened, as I found that I could not do it for myself. Both my aunt's and Estelle's maids were engaged, so one of the other servants very kindly offered to do her best, and succeeded, with some difficulty on her part and a good deal of patience on mine. I had no ornaments, except a string of pearls for my neck, which had belonged to my mother; but I was rather pleasantly surprised at my own appearance in the looking-glass.

Just as I was thinking of going down stairs a knock came to my door, and a hand put down upon a table close by it a beautiful bouquet and one large white rose. It was Cousin Geoffrey's hand, and a voice said, "The rose is for your hair;" but before I had time to speak the door had shut again, and he was gone. I took up the rose. I don't think I have ever seen such a rose since, and the perfume of it lingers in my memory still. I felt my fingers tremble with pleasure as I fastened it in my hair, at the thought that I was not forgotten after all.

When I went down my aunt said we were late, and that Cousin Geoffrey had gone on. We waited some time for Estelle, who presently sent a message, desiring us to get into the carriage, as she was coming immediately. How beautiful Estelle looked that night! When she came down stairs she had forgotten her fan, so she stood waiting for it, and trying to button her glove, just under the hall-lamp, so that I had a good view of her, and I thought pink silk and white lace the most magnificent costume, especially when contrasted with Estelle's masses of black hair.

When we arrived at the ball, which was given in the Assembly Rooms by some officers who were quartered at Allington, I felt quite bewildered by the lights and the music, and I kept close to my aunt as we passed up the grand staircase, which had a guard of honor stationed on either side. Nor did the ball-room reassure me; it all seemed like the fairy land I had read about, and I felt that I must be the enchanted visitor to some genii's palace. Presently I was startled by Cousin Geoffrey asking me to dance. I hesitated for a moment, with a kind of uneasy conviction that Estelle would not like it: he seemed to understand my thoughts, for he pointed to Estelle, who was quite at the other end of the room, leaning on the arm of some grand-looking man with a mustache, and a uniform all covered with gold lace; so I put my hand into Cousin Geoffrey's arm, and he led me into the middle of the room, and then he put his arm round my waist, and he seemed to float rather than dance to the most lovely music I had ever heard. When he stopped he said, "You dance very well, little Mabel, and you look very well."

I tried to thank him for his flowers, but he only laughed, and danced off with me again. I felt my cheeks flush with pleasure, I was so unused to flattery, and I had received none since I left the convent; and the praise of the sisters was not often given to any thing but my lessons, work, or general conduct.

When the dance was over he took me to get some ices, and then I went again and sat by my aunt. I did not expect to dance any more. I thought it very kind of Cousin Geoffrey to have danced with me at all, when there were so many beautifully-dressed people in the room, and I thought him especially good-natured when he brought up some officer for the very next waltz, saying something about his wishing to be introduced. Of course he could not have really cared to be introduced to me, but I was very glad not to be sitting still, although I did not like dancing with him nearly so much as with Cousin Geoffrey. After that several other partners were presented to me, and I had so many engagements that Cousin Geoffrey said, later in the evening, quite gravely, that he should be offended if I did not mean to dance with him again. I know it was very foolish, but I thought he was angry, and I could not help the tears coming into my eyes; but he only laughed, took my card and put his name down, and then went off to Estelle.

I enjoyed that other dance with Cousin Geoffrey very much, and then he took me in to supper, and after that we went home. I could not sleep that night, I was so haunted by the ball. Estelle had not come home with us, but had returned to stay for a few days with some friends in the neighborhood, which my aunt told me she was often in the habit of doing, and that she should send her some clothes in the morning. I think I was glad, and especially the next day at breakfast, when Cousin Geoffrey told my aunt that I had been christened the "White Rose," and that, "after all, little Mabel had produced quite a sensation;" for I knew Estelle would not have been pleased, although she would have thought that Cousin Geoffrey was only saying so to please me.

After breakfast, when, as usual, I was going out into the garden, there being in it a favorite summer-house, where I spent a great deal of my time arranging and drying plants, or reading, Cousin Geoffrey stopped me, and asked if I should not like to go out for a ride. I hesitated for a moment, for, although I felt that I should like it very much, I was rather afraid, never having been on horseback.

"You need not be afraid, little Mabel," he said; "I will promise not to let you come to any harm."

I felt myself color at his guessing my cowardice, and I was ashamed that I had let it be seen; so I said at once that I should like it exceedingly, but that I feared my aunt might not. He shook his head, and promised to make it all right, if I really did wish it; and on my reassuring him he went straight and asked her, and brought back her consent.

Then I remembered I had no habit; this perplexed him, but he sent for the housekeeper, and finally a cloth skirt of Estelle's was produced, which I wore with one of my own winter jackets. I shall never forget how much I enjoyed that ride. At first I was naturally a little timid, but Cousin Geoffrey reassured me, and led me insensibly from thinking of myself at all by telling me all sorts of amusing stories, and pointing out all the objects of interest in the country through which we rode.

I had been out so little since I arrived at Gundringham, and, indeed, so little any where all my life, that every lane we went through had a charm for me which I could not find words to express; and if I ever fancied that my horse was getting restive, there was Cousin Geoffrey's hand upon the bridle-rein, and his dark gray eyes smiling down into mine. When we came home he said, if I liked, we should ride again the next day, and I eagerly acquiesced; nor was that all the pleasure I had in store. In the evening my aunt was tired, and went early to bed, and Cousin Geoffrey and I went out walking. Generally his evenings were spent with Estelle, so that I had got quite used to wandering about by myself, and it seemed so nice having a companion.

There was an avenue called the Lovers' Walk, which ran by the side of the river. It was some way down the park, but I often went there and took my books or work, and sat upon some rustic benches which were placed against the trees, knowing that I should not be disturbed, and it was to this spot that Cousin Geoffrey and I bent our steps that evening.

We staid there till it got quite dusk, and then we returned to the house, and Cousin Geoffrey said that he was my guest, and that I was bound to amuse him; so he took me into the music-room and asked me to play. No one had asked me to play since I had left the convent, and I felt that I would rather do any thing than try for the first time before Cousin Geoffrey, but I did not like to refuse. At first my fingers trembled so that I could hardly go on, but at last I felt my courage growing, till my old love of music came back so strongly with the familiar sounds that I forgot even Cousin Geoffrey, and on looking up some time after I saw, with surprise, that he was sitting with his face buried in both his hands. I closed the piano softly and went to him. I wondered if he had been listening, or if he had fallen asleep. No, not asleep, I felt sure, for there was an expression of pain in his face when he looked up. "I have tired you," I said. But he shook his head. "Then you have not liked it?"

"Yes, little Mabel, I have liked it very much—perhaps too much." And he got up, and wished me good-night quite suddenly.

We rode the next day, and the next—indeed, every day that week, till Estelle's return. I was sorry when Estelle came back. Gundringham was no longer the same place to me. Estelle and Cousin Geoffrey rode together, and I was nearly always alone. I missed Cousin Geoffrey so much, but I don't know if he even thought of me. Sometimes I fancied he did: but Estelle never offered to take me any where with them, and I knew he would not ask her.

One day when I was sitting alone in the music-room, my aunt having given me leave to practice as much as I liked, Cousin Geoffrey came in. He was waiting for Estelle, who had gone to put on her habit and hat. I stopped playing at once.

"Why don't you go on?" he said.

"It was nothing you would like," I replied.

"Perhaps I might like any thing you played," he said.

I shook my head.

"Little Mabel!" he exclaimed, suddenly, "were you ever in love?"

The question surprised me very much, but I replied "No" at once.

"Do you think you could be?"

He had come nearer, and was looking at me intently, so intently that I felt myself color, and at that moment Estelle came into the room. There was an angry flash in her eyes; I was sorry Estelle was vexed. I thought, perhaps, she fancied we were talking about her.

The next day Cousin Geoffrey asked me to ride, and I was so glad that I ran up stairs quite eagerly to put on my things, but I could nowhere find the cloth skirt. Estelle passed my door at the moment, and I ventured to ask her for it, although I saw by her face that she was vexed about something.

"It is a pity," she said, coldly, "that my habit won't fit you, for I have given that skirt to the gardener's wife to make jackets for her boys." And then, without another word, she swept past on her way down the passage.

I was so disappointed that I felt inclined to cry as I went slowly back again to Cousin Geoffrey. That was the first time that I had ever seen Cousin Geoffrey's handsome face look really angry; but it did so after I had explained my difficulties.

"Never mind, little Mabel," he said, "you shall ride in spite of every thing; wait for one hour, and I will come back to you."

At the end of an hour he returned, triumphantly holding up a dark gray skirt.

"You must be a conjuror," I said, as I took it from him.

He laughed. "A conjuror who has time, a good horse, and a willing friend, can work wonders."

I ran up stairs and put it on; when I came down again Cousin Geoffrey was waiting to lift me on to the horse, and as we rode away we saw Estelle standing at her open window. She smiled and nodded to Cousin Geoffrey, but I thought her eyes had the same angry flash in them which I had observed the day before.

We had a lovely ride; I remember every detail of it so well, for it was the last. I was not quite sure if Cousin Geoffrey was out of spirits or not, but he was just the same to me—if any thing, more tender than usual. He never spoke to me of Estelle, and it struck me that he avoided the subject on purpose; but he was always amusing, and had a great deal to say on various kinds of interesting subjects. That day was marked by two other events; one was, that after our return home, when I was walking in the garden, I came quite suddenly upon Cousin Geoffrey and Estelle. They were talking very earnestly together; indeed, so earnestly that I don't think they even saw me, and I walked away at once in another direction; but I could not help hearing Estelle say:

"It's all very well for you to say so, Geoffrey, but I can not bear it much longer."

I wondered so what Estelle had to bear!—Estelle, who was so grand and indifferent—Estelle, whose slightest wish seemed to be law throughout the entire Gundringham establishment.

The other event occurred later, and came upon me as a terrible enlightenment.

There was a dinner-party that day, and Estelle went away with some of the guests for one of her little visits, and I went up stairs to bed early with a vague feeling of happiness. I opened my window and leaned out. Cousin Geoffrey and I should have some more pleasant days alone together; we should ride, walk, and do so many little things which were impossible when Estelle was there. I had not lit my candle, so that I could not be seen. It was a very hot night, but dark, as there was no moon. Presently I heard footsteps on the gravel-walk beneath. I could not distinguish *whose* they were, but two fiery cigar-ends glowed warm and bright through the darkness. The figures stood for a second directly under the window, and I heard something about the White Rose. That was Cousin Geoffrey's name for me, so it attracted my attention. I leaned forward, but nothing more was said till a minute after, when, just as they were turning the corner, the other voice replied:

"Bah, that *must* be imagination. I tell you I know for a *fact* that Geoffrey Verecroft is to marry his cousin Estelle in six weeks."

I started back. I felt as if I had been stunned. Why had it never struck me before that Cousin Geoffrey and Estelle might marry? Perhaps it was that I was so inexperienced about love and lovers that Estelle and Cousin Geoffrey had been lovers all this time without my ever knowing it. The idea pained me intensely. I think it was that I was afraid Estelle would not make him happy, and I felt, too, something like indignation that Cousin Geoffrey had never told me himself. Perhaps he thought me too childish to be trusted with his secret—a secret that all his other friends seemed to know. I had never felt so miserable as I did that night; all my anticipated pleasure had vanished, and I went to bed and lay awake, saying to myself over and over again:

"Geoffrey Verecroft is to marry his cousin Estelle in six weeks."

II.

THE next day I avoided Cousin Geoffrey. After breakfast I went up stairs to my own room, and did not go down again till I had seen him get on his horse and ride off, and then I went to the music-room. I had not been there more than a quarter of an hour when Cousin Geoffrey came in.

"Mabel," he said, "I came back, for I thought perhaps you would like to ride with me."

"No, thank you," I said, quite coldly.

He looked surprised. "Will you tell me why, little Mabel?"

"Because I had rather not," I replied.

He did not ask me again, but he looked hurt, and went out, shutting the door after him. In a few minutes I heard his horse's feet pass the window, and he was gone. It only took me a moment to say what I had said, but it took me all the rest of the day to repent it. I hoped that I should see him at dinner, but I was disappointed, and quite accidentally I heard during the evening that he had sent a message to say that he had been persuaded to remain for a few days somewhere—at the same place, I fancied, where Estelle was staying. That night, when I went to bed, I was so miserable, so much more miserable than I had ever been in all my life, that I cried myself to sleep, and found my pillow all wet with tears in the morning.

For the next three or four days I was entirely left to my own devices. My aunt was always more or less of an invalid, and I only saw her occasionally. I think I fretted more than was good for me; at all events I was very unhappy. One afternoon I took up a book and went out to sit in my favorite avenue. It had been oppressively hot all day, and the cool, shady trees were very refreshing. I laid the book on my lap and began to think instead of reading. I don't know how long a time passed, but when I did look up I was startled by seeing Cousin Geoffrey standing before me. I felt so guilty, for I knew that there were tears in my eyes, and I saw that he noticed them.

"What are you unhappy about, little Mabel?"

I laid my hand upon the book, as if to imply that its imaginary sorrows had been the cause.

He took it from me, and smiled as he turned it toward me. It was an illustrated botany. I felt my cheeks grow crimson.

"Never mind, little Mabel," he said; "let us take a turn." And he took my hand and drew it within his arm.

"You are come back," I ventured to say.

He nodded.

"For good?" I added.

"That is to be proved. If you mean to remain—yes."

I did not know what to make of Cousin Geoffrey that afternoon, but I knew that I felt very glad to have him back again. We walked up and down almost in silence, and then he said something about its being late, and we turned in the direction of the house, and I then found that Estelle had come back also; so, in reality, except that the house seemed more cheerful, I saw very little of them. The next day my aunt sent for me, and asked me if I should not like to be Estelle's bridemaid, for that she and Cousin Geoffrey were going to be married. I thought that I would much rather not, but I did not like to refuse, so it was settled, and an order given to have my dress got ready. I believe several other young ladies had been selected by Estelle, but I did not know any of them, and Estelle never mentioned the subject to me herself.

After that day the whole house seemed in a constant bustle of bridal preparation. Estelle's trousseau was evidently intended to be as magnificent as money could make it, and I supposed every thing else was to be on the same grand scale. A great many guests were expected, and I heard rumors about a ball. I wondered if Cousin Geoffrey and Estelle were very happy. I did not think they looked so. Cousin Geoffrey was pale, and he was much quieter than usual, and Estelle's face had an anxious, restless expression.

One day, about a fortnight before the wedding, my dress came home. It was very pretty, I thought—some clear white material with a broad lilac silk sash, and a wreath of white and lilac lilies. I fancied perhaps my aunt would like to see me in it, so I put it on and went to her room to show myself. As I was returning I met Cousin Geoffrey, and he started so on seeing me that I thought he did not recognize me, so I said:

"This is my bridemaid's dress, Cousin Geoffrey. Do you like it?"

"Your bridemaid's dress!" he repeated. And he shaded his face with his hand, as if the light were too strong.

"Yes," I replied; "did you not know that I was to be your bridemaid—yours and Estelle's?"

"God grant, little Mabel," he said, hastily, "that I may be able to bear it." And without another word he turned away abruptly and left me.

I went back to my own room and laid my finery in a drawer. I felt somehow as if I had vexed Cousin Geoffrey. Perhaps he did not like my mentioning his marriage, as he had never done so himself; and I certainly thought that for the rest of the day he avoided me.

A day or two after this my aunt sent me with a message to one of the lodges, and, happening to look out into the high road, I was surprised at seeing Cousin Geoffrey apparently in very earnest conversation with a foreign-looking man, who wore a dark beard and mustache and very shabby clothes. I did not know that Cousin Geoffrey had seen me at all, but he overtook me before I reached the house.

"Mabel," he said, hurriedly, "don't mention that you saw me with a stranger just now. I have reasons for not wishing it to be known."

Of course I promised.

"Thank you," he said. "I knew I could trust you, little Mabel."

I thought his manner very singular, more so than I had ever known it, and he left me the moment we reached the hall-door. The next morning my aunt told me that he had left Gundringham, and would not, in all probability, be back before the wedding-day. I certainly thought it unkind his not having wished me good-by, but there was so much I did not understand that I had almost ceased to wonder.

The bridal preparations still went on, and, to all appearance, Estelle was as brilliant as usual. She received numbers of visitors, and took the greatest apparent interest in every thing, but somehow I thought she was not happy. There was a wan, anxious look in her face that I could not understand. Was she not going to marry Cousin Geoffrey—and somehow I felt she loved him—and was not Gundringham her own home now for life?—what more could she want?

The Verecrofts were a very old Roman Catholic family; they had been so for centuries, and there was a chapel attached to the house. I had always been used to saying my prayers in the chapel during my convent life, and at Gundringham I continued to do the same thing. Going down by myself quite early one morning, I was attracted by seeing some faded flowers which I recognized as having been worn by Estelle the evening before. I took them up, and the thought flashed across me that Estelle visited the chapel after the rest of the household had gone to bed. I did not think Estelle was religious, so that I was the more surprised.

The same night, about twelve o'clock, I crept softly down stairs, and gently opened the chapel door. Estelle was kneeling before a shrine of the Virgin Mary. There was a perpetual light burning, so that I could just dimly see her figure, her back being toward me. Her hands were folded on her breast, and she swayed backward and forward as if in great grief, while every now and then something like a moan came from her lips. I shut the door again, and went back to my own room, but I could not sleep. What was the mystery which was hanging over Gundringham and the Verecrofts, the mystery of which I, although I lived in the same house, knew absolutely nothing?

The next day Estelle seemed the same as usual, and so a week passed by. One evening I was walking in the avenue, when I was startled by hearing footsteps; it was about eight o'clock, and the avenue being a long way from the house, a kind of nervous terror took possession of me.

"You need not be afraid, little Mabel," a voice said; and in the stranger I recognized Cousin Geoffrey.

"Cousin Geoffrey!" I exclaimed, "here—and at this hour—"

He took my hand, and said, gravely, "I wanted to see you. I have waited to see you all the afternoon, and I fancied you would come here this evening."

I wondered why Cousin Geoffrey wanted to see me, and I felt as if something were going to happen.

"Little Mabel," he continued, "I know I can trust you—I have trusted you, and I have come here to-night, because I want you to do something for me. Will you promise to do it, and ask no questions?"

I promised. I should have promised to do whatever Cousin Geoffrey asked me. He drew a sealed packet out of his breast-pocket.

"Will you give this to Estelle?" he said. "Will you give it to her to-night, when she is in her own room and alone?"

I took the packet in my hand. It had no direction. "For Estelle," was simply written upon the cover.

"I dare not stay any longer," he said, "and I can offer no explanation now, but I promise, 'God willing,' that on some future day you shall know the reason for my strange visit here to-night. Heaven bless you, little Mabel!" And, before I had time to say another word, he was gone.

I went home directly; I felt afraid of being out alone; my life had begun to seem haunted and unreal. I carried the mysterious packet about with me till bedtime, and then I waited in my own room till I thought Estelle would have dismissed her maid, and at about twelve o'clock I went to fulfill my promise.

Estelle's room was in exactly the other side of the house to mine, hers being in one of the wings, and mine in the other. Strange as it may seem, I had never been inside Estelle's room; she had never asked me. I knocked softly at the door, and, in answer to the "Come in," I entered. What a strange room I thought it! Gundringham was a very old place, but this room looked older than any other part. The walls and bed were hung with faded tapestry, and a curious oak wardrobe stood against the wall; but the most striking thing of all was a large and beautifully carved black crucifix, beneath which was a prie-dieu, the black velvet covering of which seemed worn away by being constantly knelt upon. Estelle was sitting by the fire-place, in which, although the night was hot, the embers of a fire were smouldering. She was wrapped in an embroidered cashmere dressing-gown, with all the masses of her raven hair hanging over her shoulders. She started on seeing me, and said, in a tone of great surprise:

"You, Mabel, and at this hour?"

I closed the door behind me, and bolted it.

"I have come, Estelle," I said, "because I promised to give you this letter, and to give it to you when you were alone."

She seized the packet with trembling fingers, and hurriedly broke the seal. I watched her reading it, for I did not like to go away till she had spoken. I never saw any face change as Estelle's did. It not only turned white, it became absolutely gray and livid. Her teeth chattered as if from extreme cold; and, when she did look up, her eyes were dilated, as if she had been horror-stricken. She moved her hand to her head as if to recall her senses, and then for the first time she seemed to remember me.

"Who gave you this?" she said, pointing to the letter.

I told her how I had received it.

"And you know nothing of its contents?"

"Nothing," I replied.

She came across the room and stood before me.

"Mabel, you must never mention to any living being what you have seen here to-night; do you promise?"

I promised.

"Now you may go."

"Estelle!" I exclaimed, "can I do nothing for you?"

Something like a mocking smile came across her ghastly lips as she said: "Nothing; you have done your work, Mabel, and done it well." And she waved her hand in the direction of the door.

I looked back as I went out: Estelle was still standing pointing to the door, and I thought her hair looked unnaturally long and black, contrasting as it did with her ashy face, and involuntarily I shuddered with an undefined feeling of terror as I crept back to my own room.

I could not go to bed. I was fascinated to watch Estelle's window, which, being in the opposite gable to mine, was well in view. Her lamp never went out, and all night long I saw her shadow passing to and fro. What was the mysterious letter that had been so fatal in its effects? What was the mystery hanging over the Verecrofts and Gundringham?

The next day I heard that Estelle was ill, but that no one was allowed to go near her except her own maid, who was a Frenchwoman. My Aunt Verecroft sat and cried in her arm-chair, and all the bridal preparations were suspended. I wondered and wondered till I felt my brain turn giddy, but I arrived at no conclusions. Cousin Geoffrey never came, and was never mentioned, and no other visitors were admitted. The wedding-day came and went by. I supposed all the guests had been put off; but whether it caused any surprise I don't know.

Every day I heard that Estelle was ill, and sometimes I thought she would die, and that unknowingly I had been made the instrument. At last, one evening, my Aunt Verecroft told me that she and Estelle were going away for a time at all events, and that she wished me to remain at Gundringham under the care of the housekeeper.

"I shall write to you, Mabel," she said; "and, in the mean time, I wish you not to go beyond the park gate, and to receive no visitors."

Of course, situated as I was, I could only promise obedience, but I felt more lonely and miserable than ever; and when I saw myself in the glass I looked so pale and frightened that I thought the sisters would hardly have recognized the little Mabel Lyndhurst, from whom they had parted when she left them to go into the world only a few months before.

The next day when I got up I found that my aunt and Estelle had gone. A fortnight after I received a letter from my aunt, who told me that Estelle had decided upon becoming a nun.

III.

I can hardly recall all the weary, miserable weeks and months which passed away before I saw any of them again. I had no companions, and nothing to do, so that I wandered about the place till I felt myself becoming full of sickly fancies, from which I could not get away. One was, that I could see Estelle's lamp burning in her room every night as I looked out of my window, and the shadow pass up and down; of course it must have been fancy, for I found that no one ever went into that room, Estelle having locked it and taken the key away with her. The trees, too, seemed to moan and shudder in the strong autumn winds, and throw their weird arms about till they assumed strange, fantastic shapes, and the dead dry leaves would go whirling down the walks as if pursued.

I was obliged to remain a great deal indoors, as sometimes, for days together, a dull heavy rain would patter down upon the windows, and going out became quite impossible. The housekeeper, under whose care I had been left, was very kind and respectful, but she was also very old and deaf, consequently no use as a companion. Most of the other servants had been sent away, so that we were nearly alone in the house, she and I. Sometimes (for she had always lived with the Verecrofts of Gundringham) she would tell me stories of those she had known in her youth—Verecrofts who had long been dead and sleeping in the chapel vault, and whose portraits now only remained. They were not cheerful stories, but I fancy she liked dwelling upon any thing that could be made horrible or a mystery.

My Aunt Verecroft had forbidden my going beyond the park gates; but to this rule there was one exception, and that was on Sunday. On Sunday the old housekeeper and I attended service in a little chapel belonging to the village about half a mile off. One Sunday, just before Christmas, as I was kneeling in the pew belonging to the Verecrofts, I happened to look up suddenly, and was startled by seeing Cousin Geoffrey sitting just opposite to me, only on the other side of the church, and watching me intently. For a moment I fancied that it was one of my mistakes, but I saw that the housekeeper had observed him also. I can't describe my intense joy. I felt as if I must burst into tears, and I did not realize till then how very miserable I had been before. I had hardly patience to wait till the service was concluded.

Cousin Geoffrey was standing at the door, and looking out for us.

"I have come back, little Mabel," he said. And he drew my hand within his arm, and we went home together across the park.

"No, not indoors," I entreated, when he reached the house, so we turned again and walked straight down to the old avenue.

"Little Mabel," said Cousin Geoffrey, "you look pale and unhappy!"

I could not help it any longer. I burst into tears. How sweet it was to be soothed by Cousin Geoffrey. How often I had wept for whole hours, and there had been no one even to notice it. Still I tried to stop my choking sobs, for I was afraid Cousin Geoffrey might be vexed.

"I am not unhappy now," I said, as soon as I could speak; "but oh! I have been so lonely."

He drew me more closely to him.

"Poor little Mabel, you shall not be lonely any longer. Mabel, do you know why I have come back?"

I shook my head.

"I have come back to ask you to be my wife. Little Mabel, can you learn to love me?"

I had never thought of it before, but I felt then that I had always loved him. I could hardly realize that such happiness could be for me, but, somehow, I crept into his arms as if they were my natural resting-place.

"God bless you, little Mabel," he said, and grant that I may be worthy of your love."

And it was so that Cousin Geoffrey and I became engaged.

"Tell me," I said, as we walked slowly on, "something of Estelle."

"Estelle has taken the veil."

"Cousin Geoffrey, I want to know something more. Why did you not marry Estelle?"

He looked pained.

"Mabel," he said, "there is a mystery connected with Estelle that I can not tell you now, but which I promise you shall know one day, when the time comes. Can you trust me, Mabel?"

I could not help saying that I trusted him, for I did down in my heart so fully and entirely; but I felt something like a pain, as I remembered that he had loved Estelle. I think he guessed what I wanted to know, and that my face had no secrets from Cousin Geoffrey, for he went on, quite gravely:

"Estelle and I were brought up together, and betrothed when almost children by our parents, with the intention that in future years we should be married. I liked Estelle, and never thought of freeing myself from the bond; and, in a way, Estelle liked me. I went abroad when I was about nineteen, and circumstances occurred to prolong my stay for some years. On my return our engagement still continued, but the wedding was indefinitely postponed. I was quite willing for it to take place, but I think the mutual belief that we should at some future day fulfill our promised relationship made us linger out the intervening time. At last, just before you arrived, all the arrangements were made. I think, until then, I was more anxious for it than Estelle; for although I felt that Estelle liked me better than she had ever appeared to do before, still she had wished to put off the marriage."

I looked up at Cousin Geoffrey. What difference had my coming made?

"I never loved Estelle," he said, "after I knew the White Rose; but I must have married Estelle—I was bound by every tie of honor to do it. What I suffered, little Mabel, God only knows; and my release even came to me in a manner that was too terrible."

"Then something happened?" I said.

"Yes," he replied, "a fearful revelation was made to me—what, little Mabel, I can not tell you now, but you shall know it some day, when the time comes. Can you trust me?"

"Yes," I said, "fully and entirely."

Oh, what halcyon days those were! the days of my early engagement to Cousin Geoffrey, before I had got used to being happy, when I trembled for fear something would come, and that I should wake and find it was a dream. Cousin Geoffrey did not stay at Gundringham, but in the neighborhood; still he managed to see me every day, and we walked and rode together, as we had done before. At last my Aunt Verecroft came back, and we were married quite quietly in the little chapel.

My Aunt Verecroft was just the same, except that she looked older, and there was a frightened expression in her eyes. She talked even less than usual, but dreamed away her days with her hands folded, and sitting in an arm-chair. She never mentioned Estelle, and I did not like to do so either. She seemed very anxious that Geoffrey and I should come back and live at Gundringham, but this Geoffrey refused to do till the place became his own, and I was very glad, for I thought I could go back to it better when some of the old memories had worn away.

We went abroad, Geoffrey and I, all through sunny Italy, guided only by our own sweet will, reveling in its lovely scenery and its cloudless skies, its marble palaces and gorgeous scenery. Every thing was so new to me, every thing both in nature and art.

"You have the wondering look of a child in your blue eyes, little Mabel," my husband would say; and I did feel as if I had never really lived before. We came home by Paris. How dazzled I was by all the beauties of that enchanting city! How lovely it was to walk and ride in the Boulevards with Geoffrey, and watch all the gayly-dressed people, and listen to the bands of music playing!

One day, as Geoffrey and I were riding home, we passed a nunnery, and this circumstance reminded me of Estelle. I checked my horse, and, bending down my head, whispered:

"Geoffrey, has the time come?"

And he answered, "Yes, little Mabel, it has. To-morrow you shall know."

All the next morning I watched my husband's face, but I did not like to ask him any questions, for I felt sure he had not forgotten me. In the afternoon an open carriage came to the door, and Geoffrey handed me into it. After giving some directions to the coachman, he placed himself at my side, and we drove off. We left Paris and went out for some miles into the country, out among the fields and lanes, and the waving corn bright with scarlet poppies.

"Where are you taking me to, Geoffrey?" I said.

"Wait," he replied, "and you shall see."

We stopped at last, and he took me out of the carriage, put my arm within his, and led me through an iron gate. It was a little cemetery. There was a tiny chapel in the middle, where a light was burning, and all around were graves—graves marked by wood or marble crosses, bearing their inscriptions to the memory of the dead who slept beneath. Bright immortelles were thrown on some, and natural flowers on others, which had been placed there by the mourners—mourners who even then were kneeling about in different parts of the burial-ground, dressed in their deep black dresses, and shedding bitter tears over those loved ones who would never come back to them again.

Involuntarily I clung more closely to my husband's side, but he led me past all these far away to the other side of the grounds, and there we paused before one little grave. There was no cross to mark the name—no immortelle—no flowers laid there by loving hands—only long dank grass. I looked wonderingly up into my husband's face.

"Mabel," he said, "that little mound of earth covers Estelle's child."

"Estelle's child!" I exclaimed, starting back.

"I told you, Mabel, that I left England for some years, but what happened during that time I never knew till within ten days of my expected marriage. The packet you delivered to Estelle revealed my knowledge of it to her. It came to me quite accidentally through a relation of Estelle's French maid—a man who expected to make money by it. I started at once for Paris, in order to make investigations, and my worst fears were confirmed."

"Poor Estelle!" I said, "if she has sinned, how fearful must be the expiation."

"Poor Estelle!" he repeated. "God grant that she may be forgiven; but there is a crime connected with that little grave which even you must never seek to know. I have told you this, little Mabel, because I love you so dearly, and because there should be no secrets between a man and his wife."

How good and noble he was. I drew closer to him, and my hot tears fell upon his hand. We lingered on for some minutes more, and then he led me away and put me back into the carriage.

We were very silent for all the rest of that day. Estelle's story had sunk deep into my heart. "Surely," I said to myself, "if she has repented, though her sins may have been as scarlet, the mercies of God are infinite."

Some years after, when Mrs. Verecroft died, we went back to live at Gundringham. Estelle had taken the black veil, so she was dead to the world and to us. Her room was never afterward reopened. People used to say a light really was seen burning there, and a shadow passing up and down; but I fancy it must have been imagination, or a tale that had got about in consequence of one of the old housekeeper's stories—stories which are likely still to be handed down to other generations of the Verecrofts of Gundringham.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

When we picture the hundred or more trunks that ladies travel with, we can not help reflecting how happy is the elephant, whose wife when on a journey has only one trunk.

To ascertain if your gun is loaded, put your foot on the hammer and blow the muzzle, letting the hammer slip from under the foot and descend with smart force on the nipple. If the gun is loaded you will be notified of the fact.

"Have you read my last speech?" said a vain orator to a friend. "I hope so," was the reply.

A sentimental old bachelor says a woman's heart is the "sweetest" thing in the world; in fact a perfect honey-comb—full of *sells*. *Bee*ware.

A story is told of the meeting of a joint-stock company at which the chairman proposed the customary vote of thanks to Heaven for the successful operations of the society during the past half year. The motion was on the point of being carried by acclamation, when a cautious shareholder rose to move as an amendment, that the vote should be deferred until the amount of the last year's dividend had been ascertained.

On Sterne's entering a coffee-room at York a conceited fellow, staring him full in the face, said he hated a parson; upon which Sterne said, "And so, Sir, does my dog; for as soon as I put on my gown and cassock he commences to bark."—"Indeed!" replied the offender; "how long has he done so?" "Ever since he was a puppy, Sir," answered Sterne, "and I still look upon him as one."

A gentleman resident in Edinburgh, whose personal dimensions were somewhat similar to those of Falstaff, was in the habit, when traveling by coach, to secure half the inside of the vehicle for himself. Having a new servant, he sent him one day to book him for a neighboring town. The man returned with the following pleasing intelligence: "There weren't two inside places left, so I took one in, and another out."

"Is your house a warm one?" asked a man in search of a tenement of a landlord. "It ought to be; the painter gave it two coats recently," was the response.

"Matchless Misery!"—Having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

CAN THERE BE HARM IN KISSING?

The waters kiss the pebbly shore;
The winds all kiss the hills;
The sunbeams kiss the tulip bud
For the odor it distills.

The dew-drops kiss the rose at morn,
The cereus dew at eve;
The fern and flower, in circling clasp,
Their mystic beauties weave.

The moon-beams kiss the clouds at night;
The star gems kiss the sea;
While shadows dreamy, soft, and light,
Are kissing on the lea.

The zephyrs kiss the budding pink
That blooms on beauty's lip,
And ruder blasts, though cold and chill,
Its ruby nectar sip.

The winds, the waves, the budding flowers,
The laughing, merry rills,
Are kissing all from morn till eve,
And clouds still kiss the hills.

Even heaven and earth do meet to kiss
Through tears of sparkling dew.
In kissing, then, can there be harm?
I don't think so—do you?

A lady, meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired, "Well, Mary, where do you live now?" "Please, ma'am, I don't live any where now," replied the girl, "I'm married."

At a printers' festival lately the following toast was offered: "Woman—second only to the press in the dissemination of news."

A tailor, having set up his carriage, asked Foote for a motto. "There is one from Hamlet," said the wit, "that will match you to a button-hole: List, list!, oh list!"

The Democracy recently held a meeting in Dresden' Ohio, which was attended by quite a number of the faithful from Zanesville, who requested a reciprocal delegation of Dresden Butternuts to come down the week following to swell the crowd at a mass meeting to be held in Zanesville. On the day appointed for the meeting at Zanesville some eighteen coppery citizens of Dresden marched down to the boat; and on consultation it was thought best that they should provide themselves with provisions for the trip, as there would probably be a great crowd at the meeting, and victuals would be scarce. A collection was made, and fifteen dollars were raised. A committee of two was sent back to town to lay in supplies, who in due time returned with fourteen dollars' worth of whisky and one dollar's worth of crackers. This was brought aboard the boat and tested by all hands, and declared to be good. "But," exclaimed old Phil R——, "boys, what in h—ll did you get so many crackers for?"

As the steeple of a church was being painted recently the attention of a little girl was attracted by the staging put up about it. She appeared unable to comprehend it; but finally, after a moment's reflection, said, "I guess it is the crinoline!"

A whisky-drinking Irishman was brought before a magistrate named Porter, charged with being drunk and disorderly. The magistrate committed the delinquent to prison for a month, telling him that would give him time enough to curse whisky. "Yes, faith," was the prisoner's reply, "and *Porter* too."

It is related of Sydney Smith that once, on entering a drawing-room in a West End mansion, he found it lined with mirrors on all sides. Finding himself reflected in every direction, he said that he "supposed he was at a meeting of the clergy, and there seemed to be a very respectable attendance."

A MODEL HUSBAND.

I saw a model husband in a dream,
Where things are not exactly what they seem:
A moral man, to skeptics be it known;
The wife he loved and cherish'd was—his own:
And for the test—I saw the husband wait
With horse and chaise five minutes at the gate
While Jane put on her things; nor speak one sour
Or bitter word, though waiting half an hour
For dinner; and, like Patience on a throne,
He didn't swear to find a button gone.

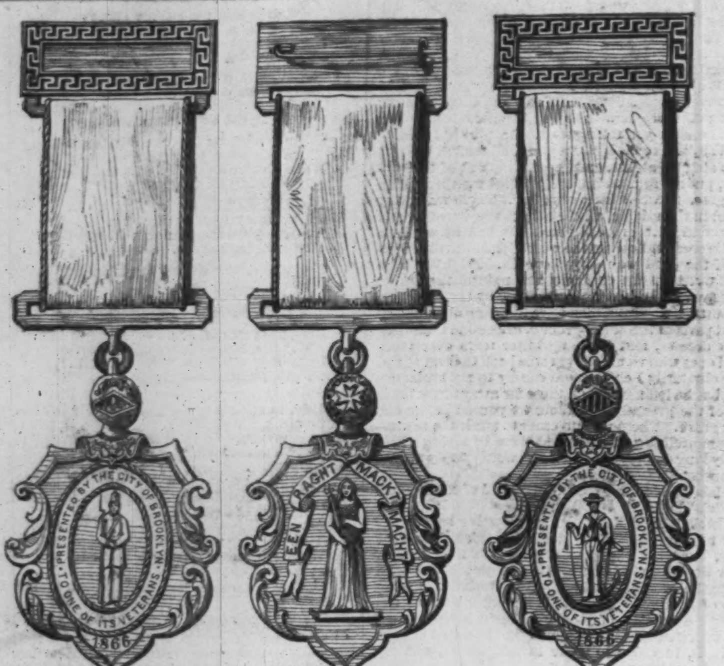
A gentleman calling on his butcher to order something for dinner, was asked if he would like to have a saddle of mutton. "Why," said he, "would it not be better to have a *bridle*, as I should then certainly stand a better chance of getting a *bit in my mouth?*"

What is fashion?—Dinner at midnight, and headache in the morning.

"The Long Strike"—Twelve!

CONVOLVULUS SEASIDEIENSIS.

"This delicate Annual has been seen in great Abundance this Autumn all round the Coast. It Flourishes best in Exposed Situations, and during Inclement, Windy Weather."—*Vide "Jolly Gardeners' Chronicle."*



MEDALS PRESENTED TO THE VETERANS OF BROOKLYN.

ACCIDENT AT CHICAGO ON THE NIGHT OF OCT. 21, 1866.—SKETCHED BY W. H. ADAMS.
[SEE PAGE 717.]

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS IN BROOKLYN.

THE presentation of Medals to Veteran Sailors and Soldiers of King's County, at Brooklyn, October 25, was an occasion of much interest. We give an illustration of the presentation ceremonies on page 713.

Governor FENTON and Staff and a large number of invited guests were present, including Admiral BELL and Staff, General NEWTON, General VODGES, General DE LACY, and other military men. The members of the Board of Supervisors, the various judges, and many leading clergymen of Brooklyn were present.

The persons present were introduced to Governor FENTON, who cordially greeted them. At the close of this ceremony Admiral FARRAGUT was announced, and received with applause. The veteran was introduced to many of the gentlemen present.

Dr. VINTON called upon Governor FENTON to make a few remarks, when the Governor said that he was glad of an opportunity to visit the prosperous city of Brooklyn, and to extend his acquaintance with her citizens. In introducing his military family among them, he was grateful for their warm reception.

Admiral FARRAGUT was called upon for a speech, and said he would follow the example of the Governor, and be brief. He had understood that the occasion was meant as a compliment to the veterans of Brooklyn. As he was not a soldier of this district he esteemed the honor of this warm reception more highly.

The procession was then formed. The avenues through which the troops moved were thronged with spectators. Flags were displayed from windows and balconies, and the veterans were greeted by the waving of handkerchiefs all along the route.

The military looked well, and the procession was very imposing in respect to numbers. There were over one hundred carriages in the line, and about eight thousand troops. The column marched from the City Hall at about twelve o'clock, moving through Remsen Street to Henry Street, through Henry Street to Atlantic Street, through Atlantic Street to Hanson Place, through Hanson Place to Fulton Avenue, through Fulton and Gates Avenues to Clinton Avenue, and through Clinton and Myrtle Avenues and Cumberland Street to the Park. On reaching the Park the Governor and Staff took a fine position in the centre of the east side of Fort Greene, where he reviewed the procession.

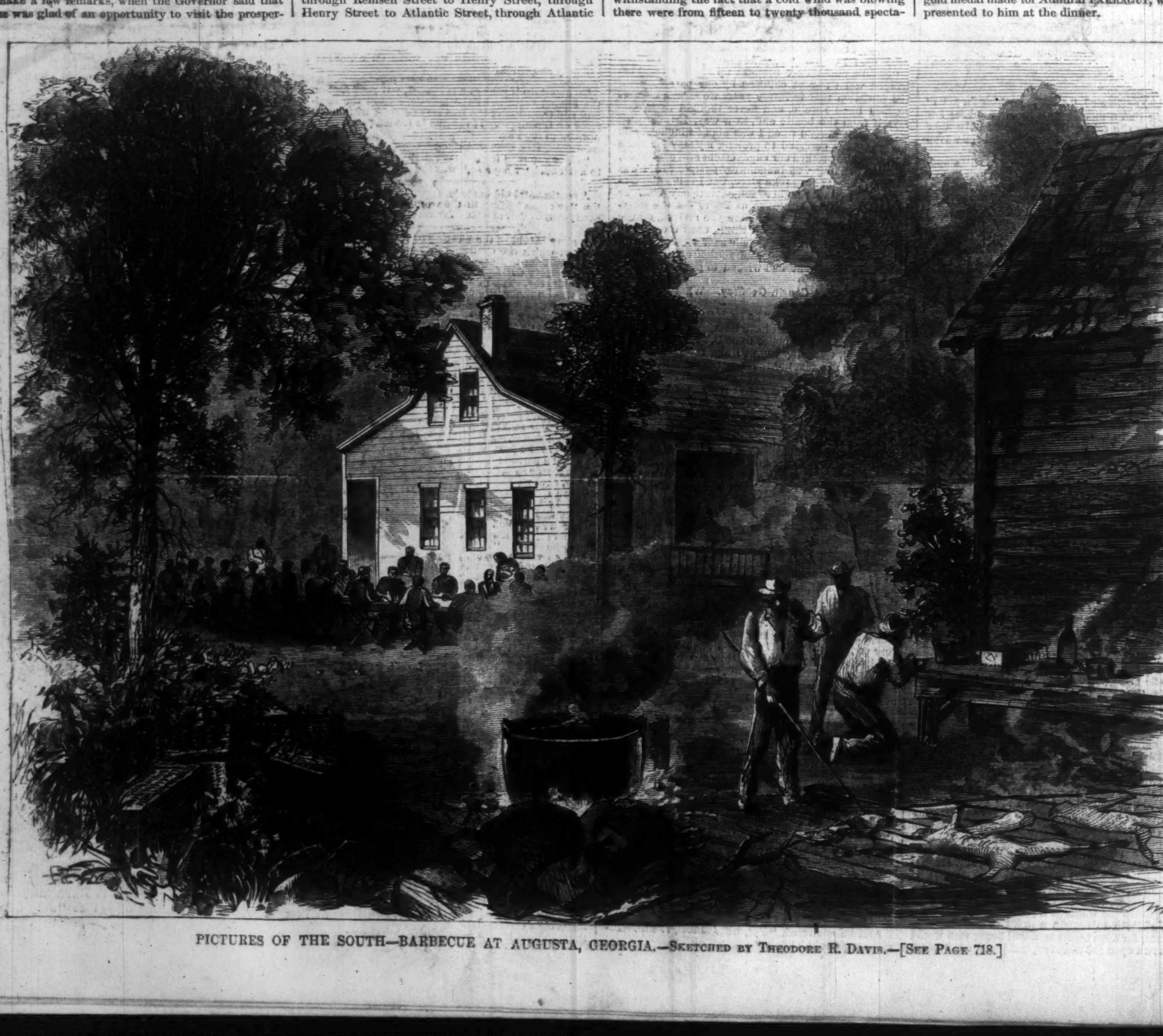
After passing the Governor the troops entered the Park at the northeast gate. On the centre of the hill a large platform was constructed, from which the prizes were to be delivered. The police kept a large space open in front of this platform, in the centre of which the veterans took position.

The other troops marched around the brow of the hill, and halted at various elevated points. Notwithstanding the fact that a cold wind was blowing there were from fifteen to twenty thousand spectators present, who remained until the close of the ceremonies.

The view from the platform was very imposing. It took in several thousand troops, and a greater number of citizens. The review occupied over an hour. At its close the Governor and Staff proceeded to the stand in front of which the veterans had gathered, and the medals were presented to those entitled to receive them. In order to avoid delay they had been put up so as to deliver to the respective captains under which the men had served.

The medals were presented by Mayor BOOTH, and were received by ex-Mayor WOOD on behalf of the veterans, who made an able and eloquent speech.

The members of the committee had a beautiful gold medal made for Admiral FARRAGUT, which was presented to him at the dinner.



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—BARBECUE AT AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 718.]

FALL OF BUILDINGS IN CHICAGO.

WE illustrate on page 716 the terrible accident which happened at Chicago on the night of October 21. The event is thus described by the Chicago *Tribune* of October 22:

An appalling calamity befell a portion of the city during the violent storm of last night. Between eleven and twelve o'clock a terrific crash resounded ominously over the whole of the central portion of the city.

It proved to be the fall of a huge brick structure in process of erection near the corner of Madison and State streets. It was one of those hastily and cheaply-cobbled-together pieces of architecture which are a disgrace to any city. The gale last night, though not excessively fierce, proved too much for this fragile mass of uncompleted mason-work, and the whole edifice caved in and fell like an avalanche, carrying death, and tortures worse than death, to the homes of many families who lived in the surrounding tenements.

Such a scene of devastation and misery as presented itself immediately after the edifice fell it would be difficult to describe. Almost from M'Vicker's Theatre, on Madison Street, round the corner and along State Street for some distance, making a very considerable section of a square, the frame tenements which had stood there were so completely flattened and crushed that the upper stories were on a level with the sidewalk. The sidewalks were entirely uprooted from the ground, and the outer edges stuck out in the form of an abatti. Clambering up to these swaying planks, one had to slide down an inclined plane to the horrible mass of ruins in the centre. The police were summoned, and from every station they soon began to muster in large force. The fire-bell pealed forth its alarm, and the department were speedily on hand. The citizens, too, came to the spot in crowds, attracted by the alarm from the Court-house. Then the work of excavation began in earnest. The inmates were dragged forth from their living graves, some terribly mangled, some only cut and scratched, and some entirely unscathed. Every one was of course eager to help, and the real difficulty with the police was now to keep the volunteers from overcrowding the scene of action. Body after body was carried out, most of them fortunately alive, and again the search was prosecuted, until about two o'clock it was supposed that the great majority of those who had been buried were recovered.

How so many escaped being crushed to death will seem little short of miraculous to every one who views the ruins. Yet such hair-breadth escapes are often heard of in such accidents.

The building which has been the cause of all this devastation was being erected by Mr. SWATZ as a wholesale store. It appears that the walls of the new block were but sixteen inches thick, much too thin for the great height to which they were carried up, and during Sunday they were found to have bulged out in an alarming manner—so much so that the opinion had been expressed that they would fall before morning, and the families in the adjoining buildings had retired with a considerable feeling of apprehension.

TROUTING.

SCRAMBLING over boulders,
Grumbling over "falls,"
Rambling through green meadows,
Where the May-fly calls;
Tumbling out by daybreak—
"Madam" in a pout—
Gracious! this is pleasant,
Tripping after trout!

Violets by the brook-brink,
Sweet as "Stella's" eyes;
Bluebirds flood the morning
With a glad surprise:
Off before your mother
Fairly knows you're out—
Goodness! ain't it jolly
Tramping after trout!

Tripping over mosses,
Slipping over stones,
Creeping through morasses,
Chill'd through blood and bones;
"Dipping" into spring-holes,
Ripping *something* out—
Goodness! but 'tis pleasant,
Whipping after trout.

Stumbling over saw-logs,
Where they've made a jam;
No one can say *this* stream
Isn't worth a dam:
Water, "cold as *blazes*,"
Foams your feet about;
Catch your death of—"Whist, man!
Did you *see that trout?*"

Ply him gently—kindly—
Horse-hair is but frail:
There's a speckled "beauty!"
Crook's hooks never fail.
Twenty ounces, plump, Sirs
(Heft him if you doubt);
Silver, gold, and garnets—
What can match a trout?

Lightly drops the "hackle,"
Blithely sings the stream,
Brightly burst the foam-bells
Like a poet's dream.
Splash! There goes a "lunomer!"
Whir! and he is out!
What school is so charming
As a school of trout?

Now you spread your luncheon
'Neath a spreading tree;
Never son of "Walton"
Half so glad as "we."
Berkshire skies above us,
Berkshire hills about,
All the pools a-sparkle,
Bright with speckled trout.

Clambering over cascades,
Where the senses reel;
'Stonishing the "natives"
With a well-fill'd creel:
Whipping out the "*bait*"-ers,
Who at "*palmers*" flout,
Maybe 'tisn't pleasant
Angling after trout!

Soon you hook your "fifty"
('Tis a *bet* you're on)—
Soon you join "The Colonel,"
Who declares he's *one!*
Soon you reach your cottage—
Kiss *the Madam's* pouting
Lips (still in your *dote*-age);
And so ends your trouting!

Rattle-snakes! and skeeters!—
Wet feet and burnt faces!—
Who says anglers' *lines* are
"Cast in pleasant places?"
Try it in "*Green*" River;
But, before you trout it,
Just ask Mr. Editor
What *he* thinks about it!

THE CRETAN INSURRECTION.

OUR latest news in regard to the Candian insurrection is a telegram from London of October 23, which conveys the intelligence of the defeat of the Turkish army by the Christians after four days of heavy fighting.

Four months ago the Christians of Crete demanded justice according to the laws of the Ottoman Empire, and asked for the execution of the privileges conferred on them by the Hatti Humayoum. That phase of the movement is passed. They now assert the inalienable right of nations to enjoy political liberty, and in virtue of this right they have declared Crete independent, and decreed its union with the kingdom of Greece.

A virtual declaration of war on the part of the Christians took place on the 12th of August. The population of several districts about Mount Ida published a decree establishing a "Sacred Battalion" of 400 veteran soldiers to fight for the cross, and appointed a chief to command it. Several revolutionary proclamations have been subsequently published in different parts of the island. At last, on the 2d of September, a number of leading men from the Eparchies, in the western part of Crete, met and signed a document decreeing the perpetual abolition of the Turkish authority in Crete and its dependencies, the union of the island with Greece under GEORGE I. as King of the Hellenes, and intrusting the execution of the decree to the valor of the people, the assistance of all Greeks and Philhellenes,

CANDIAN INSURGENTS IN THE MOUNTAINS OF CRETE.

and the intervention of the great protecting and guaranteeing Powers of Europe.

The first engagement with bloodshed took place on the 28th of August, not between Hellenes and Ottoman soldiers, but among the Cretans themselves. The Mussulmans of Selinos and the Christians had a skirmish, in which it was said that the Turkish troops took no part; but this was perhaps only the first spark to the train which has since lighted up the Greek fire for a general conflagration.

It is to the mountainous character of the island that the insurgents probably owe their present security; for, besides being traversed throughout its whole length by the lofty range running parallel to the south coast, there are other ranges dispersed over the whole surface. In the centre of Crete is Ida, more modernly known as Mount Poiloriti, 7690 feet high. The other loftiest summits are toward the west, in the Sphakian or white mountains, where the heights are covered with snow for three parts of the year. The highest elevations there are about 5000 feet. The greater part of these mountains are clothed with forests of olive, chestnut, walnut, and pine trees, oaks, and cypresses. They contain a remarkable number of caverns and grottoes, including that famous classic labyrinth, the extensive and intricate natural excavation at the foot of Mount Ida.

Crete is unquestionably an island worth winning, if it can be won either by writing about it or even by fighting for it—which is a thing the Athenians seem less inclined to undertake. In size and population Crete is little inferior, and in fertility and position far superior to Corsica. Its forests have not yet been all destroyed by repeated conflagrations, like the trees which once covered the mountains of Greece. The population exceeds 200,000, of whom upward of 60,000 are Mussulmans of the Greek race, and who speak only the Greek language.

Our illustration is taken from a sketch of an insurgent encampment in the mountains, where, with that defiance of fatigue and that indifference to luxury which are such prominent characteristics of the people in a time of national tumult, the men are waiting for intelligence from the main body of their irregular army, amidst the massy rocks of that chain from east to west, the culminating point of which is Mount Ida.

FISHING UP THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

WE give on page 708 two sketches taken by Mr. ROBERT DUDLEY on board the *Great Eastern;* the first representing the *Great Eastern* at the moment of raising the cable, while another shows the interior of the electricians' testing-room on board the ship, with the group of gentlemen anxiously watching the process. The following narrative, which is from Mr. DUDLEY'S own pen, will be read with much interest.

"For nearly three weeks—from August 12, when we reached the grappling-ground in mid-Atlantic, until September [illegible] had hope and disappointment alternated in the hearts of those who, hovering like the [illegible] above the quarry, watched and waited to secure the prize that lay 4000 fathoms deep below. The claws of grapnel after grapnel had felt along the dark bed of the ocean in search to grasp the truant rope; and on one memorable occasion they not only secured the treasure, but held it firmly until the eyes of those who eagerly hung over the bow bulwarks saw the veritable cable dragged slowly out of the water, giving for once and all (even had no subsequent triumph been won) the *coup de grace* to all the doubts, the questionings, the denials, the scientifically irrefragable proofs that to expect ever to raise the lost cable to the surface was to look for the working of an impossibility. The cable had been seen, *but* it had been again lost. The huge ship, though under most skillful handling, and obedient as she had proved to the directing hand of her ever-watchful commander, had been the sport of 'unaccountable' currents, driving her just where she was not wanted to go. The elements had been adverse, and the mighty sea had so tossed and foamed as to render vain all efforts to continue the work; and still had CANNING and ANDERSON hoped, almost against hope, that a more propitious time might come; that, late in the season as it was, we might yet be favored with calmer and brighter weather, were it but for a day or two. 'Weather—calm weather;' that was the hope-word. And well was their indomitable perseverance rewarded. That day or two was given; for on the last day of August the sun shone out; the pulse of the ocean, though still beating high, was rapidly calming down; the wind was lulled; and as the grapnel went down, bright and high hope followed.

"No need to write now how during that and the following day this hope trembled, fluctuated, rose, became assured, and found its climax in certainty; that story is known, though it would be indeed difficult for any description to convey a full idea of the anxious watching for the appearance of the cable on the night of September 1. A hope almost painful in its intensity seemed to be felt by all, as from midnight until two o'clock the bows of the great ship were filled with earnest, eager faces; her forward bulwarks alive with gazers seeking to pierce the darkness of the shadowy sea below; the long, ceaseless swell sometimes revealing more of the straining grappling rope as it dragged its slow but sure length over the bow sheave, and so along over V wheels and past the recording dynamometer to the huge drums that were so well performing their Titan task. Slowly but surely it came on, and as the wire grappling rope was succeeded by the strong chain upon which hung the grapnel, truly the interest was breathless, one's heart seemed in one's mouth; scarcely a sound was heard from the entranced watchers; the rapid words of command from Captain ANDERSON far forward by the wheels sounded clear and sharp in the night air, and as the grapnel, holding in a vice-like grasp the lost treasure, emerged still more slowly from the long rolling waters, it was in almost whispered eagerness that the words passed from mouth to mouth, 'It is there! It is there!' We were restrained, perhaps, by recollection of the former time, when, on the 17th of August, the sight of the old friend called forth a ringing welcome of hurrahs! or it may be that the solemn night and the half revealing, half-concealing mystery of moonlight made unconsciously their quiet influence felt. And so we hung breathless, as it were, upon the cable's life, and a long hour it seemed, while the various and most necessary measures were taken for securing the cable by means of rope and chain-stoppers from which strong hawsers passed over the side V wheels in the bows. At length all was secured, and the cable freed from the grapnel, which, hauled in on the port side, was carried off past us by two sailors, though not without much examination and interest expressed for the faithful servant; and now the cable itself appeared over the centre wheel. How it was scrutinized by such light as the moon and ship's lamps afforded! How it was followed in its course along the platform toward the drums by many fond admirers! For my own part, with others, I made my way, in accordance with an invitation from WILLOUGHBY SMITH, to the electricians' room ('the Test-room,' to speak more technically). Here, after another hour's preparation, during which time the cable had been carefully passed round the drums of the picking-up machinery and a sufficient length drawn in on board, the severed end was received. And now, in their mysterious, darkened haunt, the wizards are ready to work their spells upon the tamed lightning. Not 'unholy spells' are these, or secret; for, though the wizards' den is but of limited dimensions, they have not been averse to the presence of a few visitors. Mr. GOOCH is looking on; Professor THOMSON, be sure, is here, a worthy 'Wizard of the North;' CYRUS FIELD could no more be absent than the cable itself; I think, too, CANNING, hard at work, as he is, forward in the ship, *must* have dropped in just for a moment; CLIFFORD, LAWS, Captain HAMILTON, DEANE, DUDLEY—all have in their several ways a great interest in every movement of WILLOUGHBY SMITH and his brother (and able assistant) OLIVER; and, when the core of the cable is stripped and the heart itself—the conducting wire—fixed in the instrument, and these two electricians bend over the galvanometer in patient watching for some message from that far-off land of home to which the great news had just been signaled; then the accustomed stillness of the test-room is even deepened; the ticking of the chronometer becomes monotonous. Nearly a quarter of an hour has passed and still no sign! Suddenly WILLOUGHBY SMITH'S hat is off, and the British hurrah bursts from his lips, echoed by all on board with a volley of cheers, evidently none the worse for having been 'bottled up' during the last three hours. Along the deck outside, over the ship, throughout the ship, the pent-up enthusiasm overflowed; and even before the test-room was cleared the roaring bravos of our guns drowned the huzzas of the crew, and the whiz of rockets was heard rushing high into the clear morning sky to greet our consort-ships with the glad intelligence.

"Then came the splicing of the recovered cable with that coiled in one of our tanks, and the very delicate operation of passing the cable round from the bow to the stern of the ship. This successfully accomplished, the order was given, 'Full speed ahead!' and we soon had our screw clear and the cable streaming out in the wake of the ship; and so, by eight o'clock in the morning (scarcely any one, I think, had 'turned in' that night) we were safely paying out again, and the ship's head was once more toward the shores of Newfoundland."

SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

THE International Suspension Bridge, of which we give an illustration on page 712, is two miles below Niagara Falls. It connects the Great Western Railroad of Canada with the several railroads of New York. The bridge is a single span of 800 feet in length, elevated 230 feet above the Niagara River, which runs beneath it at the rate of 25 miles an hour, with breakers dashing from 10 to 20 feet high. During the season of travel the *Maid of the Mist* makes trips from the village of Suspension Bridge to the foot of the Falls. It was from the deck of this vessel that CHURCH made the sketch after which his celebrated painting of Niagara Falls was made. The view from this point is the most magnificent which can be obtained.

The Suspension Bridge is supported by four wire cables 9¼ inches in diameter, with an ultimate capacity of sustaining 10,000 tons.

RAILROAD BRIDGE AT PORTAGE, NEW YORK.

THE railroad bridge across the Genesee River at Portage, on the Erie Railroad, which we illustrate on page 712, is unsurpassed by any wooden structure of the kind in the world. It is built across a deep defile, into which the Genesee enters at this point, upon thirteen stone piers set in the bed of the river, the stone being built sufficiently high to avoid all danger of freshets. The bridge itself is a huge mass of timber, rising to the height of 234 feet, and is 800 feet in length. It was completed in 1853, and is undoubtedly the finest wooden bridge in the world. It is said to be so constructed that any timber in the bridge can be removed and replaced at pleasure. The Genesee Valley Canal passes under the bridge.

The scenery at this point is wild and picturesque. The Genesee River enters the ravine only to seek lower and still lower depths. Directly below the bridge, and in sight of the cars, is the first fall, a half horse-shoe, about 40 feet high, and a quarter of a mile farther to the north is another fall, one of the most beautiful cascades in America. The fall is 80 feet high, and when the water is low the appearance is that of a most exquisite veil of lace thrown out in front of a black rock.

BARBECUE AT AUGUSTA.

THE illustration which we give on page 716 represents a scene very characteristic at the South. The special occasion for the barbecue which we have illustrated was a desire on the part of the citizens of Augusta, Georgia, to do honor to Generals STEADMAN and FULLERTON, sent by President JOHNSON to investigate the Freedmen's Bureau.

Barbecues are very frequent at the South in times of political excitement. The negroes also have their barbecues, generally at the close of their labors in getting in the cotton crop.

The COLTON Dental Association, 19 Cooper Institute originated and use the nitrous oxide to extract teeth without pain, *and they certainly do it.*

"Remarkable for delicacy, freshness, and purity."—BURNETT'S unrivaled Cologne Water, and Cocoaine for the Hair.—*Christian Guardian,* Toronto.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE POPULAR INDOOR GAME.

"Carom Croquet Board."

"Brooks's Carpet Croquet."

Send Stamp for Illustrated Circular,

D. B. BROOKS & BRO., Boston, Mass.

D.D.&Co's NAUSEOUS MEDICINES D.D.&Co's

Taken without *Taste* or *Smell,* by using

Dundas, Dick & Co.'s Soft Capsules,

Containing pure Medicines of very best quality. Such as:

Castor oil,
Cod-liver oil,
Cod-liver oil with quinine,
Cod-liver oil with iodide of iron,
Citrate of iron and quinine,
Oil of turpentine,
Norwegian tar,
And all other nauseous medicines.

☞ Ask for Dick's Soft Capsules, and take no others. Sold by druggists generally. VICTOR E. MAUGER, 110 Reade Street, New York, Wholesale Agent.

Permanent and wide-spread Success is the best evidence of the goodness of

Brandreth's Pills.

They should be in every family, ready for use on the first symptoms of disease occurring. This method will often save life. Remember, the

Cholera must be treated as a Poison,

and your safety demands that it should be got rid of without delay. Colds, rheumatism, asthma, pleurisy, diarrhœa, colics—in fact, all sickness—is the consequence of active impurities in the blood. These being removed, the health is restored at once.

Observe my name in the Government stamp in white letters. Sold by Druggists. B. BRANDRETH.

PORTABLE PRINTING OFFICES

For Merchants, Druggists, and all who wish to print neatly, cheaply, and expeditiously. Circular sent free. Sheets of Type, Cuts, &c., 10 cts. ADAMS PRESS COMPANY, 26 Ann St., New York, and 35 Lincoln St., Boston.

$1500 PER YEAR paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Illinois.

$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

A GOOD AND AMUSING TRICK.
The Disappearing Picture. Price 25c. Ag'ts supplied, $2 per doz. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, N. Y.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and to those who desire it we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October,* 1866.

$1800 per Year paid to Sewing Machine Agents by W. H. Hunterson, Cleveland, O. Send for particulars.

BINOCHROMATICS.—Ag'ts wanted. $5 a day clear profit in selling, manufacturing, or teaching. (Business easy and light.) Any person can do it. Instructions sent free on receipt of 3-cent stamp. Address A. THOMAS & CO., 264 Washington St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHISKERS.
Dr. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin. Never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free. Address REEVES & CO., 78 Nassau Street, New York.

STARTING OF

The Great American Tea Company.

The proprietors became fully convinced, several years ago, that the consumers of Tea and Coffee were paying too many and too large profits on these articles of every-day consumption, and therefore organized THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY to do away, as far as possible, with these enormous drains upon the Consumers, and to supply them with these necessaries at the smallest possible price.

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG, 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER, $1 25, best $1 50.

EVIDENCE AFTER EIGHT MONTHS' TRIAL.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, FOURTH AUDITOR'S OFFICE, *July* 31, 1866.

Great American Tea Company, 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

GENTLEMEN,—Accompanying this I send you our regular monthly Club List, which you will perceive is still increasing in proportions. We have now tried your Teas and Coffees for upward of eight months, and have come to the conclusion that we get as good an article from your house, and at about half the price that we would be forced to pay our merchants here.

I congratulate your Company at the great success that has crowned its efforts in its endeavor to lighten the burden of high prices borne by our laboring people; and also congratulate our Club upon its good fortune in procuring those luxuries of life at prices so fair and reasonable. Hoping you will continue to receive a liberal share of public patronage, I am, Sirs, very respectfully yours, L. CASS CARPENTER.

2 lbs. Japan	H. H. Knight	at $1 25	$2 50
1 lb. Green Coffee	H. H. Knight	at 35	35
1 lb. Japan	Miss Duffy	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	Miss Allen	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	M. Affee	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	W. S. Waller	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Imperial	L. D. Roberts	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Japan	C. Becker	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Green Coffee	C. Becker	at 35	35
5 lbs. Rio Coffee	W. Mirty	at 28	1 40
4 lbs. Green Coffee	W. Sticham	at 35	1 40
2 lbs. Oolong	S. R. Brown	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Young Hyson	S. R. Brown	at 1 10	2 20
1 lb. Gunpowder	D. S. Holland	at 1 25	1 25
8 lbs. Green Coffee	D. S. Holland	at 35	2 80
2 lbs. Oolong	Mrs. Dooley	at 1 00	2 00
1 lb. Imperial	Mrs. Dooley	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	—— Trewult	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	—— Smead	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Imperial	—— Smead	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Mixed	J. A. Domal	at 1 00	1 00
3 lbs. Green Coffee	J. A. Domal	at 35	1 05
3 lbs. Roast Coffee	R. J. M. Gill	at 40	1 20
2 lbs. Roast Coffee	S. J. Gass	at 40	80
1 lb. Japan	S. J. Gass	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Japan	R. Goodhurst	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Imperial	R. Goodhurst	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Young Hyson	R. Goodhurst	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Young Hyson	R. Goodhurst	at 1 25	1 25
10 lbs. Rio Coffee	—— De Mowbray	at 28	2 80
5 lbs. Oolong	—— De Mowbray	at 1 00	5 00
1 lb. Oolong	H. Pitts	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Souchong	H. Pitts	at 1 20	1 20
1 lb. Japan	B. Masser	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	J. D. Suchden	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Roast Coffee	C. B. Parkman	at 40	80
10 lbs. Green Coffee	D. M. Lawrence	at 35	3 50
1 lb. Gunpowder	A. Watts	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Ground Coffee	A. Watts	at 40	40
2 lbs. Green Coffee	J. Cox	at 35	70
5 lbs. Japan	Mrs. Ramsay	at 1 00	5 00
4 lbs. Imperial	—— Putney	at 1 25	5 00
2 lbs. Oolong	—— Putney	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Oolong	A. Thomas	at 1 00	2 00
1 lb. Oolong	T. H. Brooks	at 1 00	1 00
Amount carried forward			$76 70

Amount brought forward			$76 70
1½ lbs. Young Hyson	T. H. Brooks	at 1 25	1 88
1 lb. Ground Coffee	T. H. Brooks	at 40	40
1 lb. Ground Coffee	F. Dutton	at 40	40
1 lb. Oolong	F. Dutton	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	A. S. Stirtevant	at 1 00	1 00
2 lbs. Souchong	J. F. Burr	at 1 20	2 40
1 lb. Japan	J. M. Adam	at 1 25	1 25
½ lb. Gunpowder	J. M. Adam	at 1 25	63
5 lbs. Roast Coffee	C. Colnes	at 40	2 00
1 lb. Japan	E. Kenny	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	J. Cook	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Gunpowder	J. Cook	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Japan	S. A. Thomason	at 1 25	2 50
3 lbs. Roast Coffee	S. A. Thomason	at 40	1 20
5 lbs. Roast Coffee	F. H. Campbell	at 40	2 00
1 lb. Gunpowder	F. H. Campbell	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	C. S. Tinsett	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Ground Coffee	C. S. Tinsett	at 40	40
2 lbs. Ground Coffee	M. Cross	at 40	80
1 lb. Souchong	M. Cross	at 1 20	1 20
1 lb. Oolong	S. M. Wooley	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Ground Coffee	S. M. Wooley	at 40	40
2 lbs. Ground Coffee	W. H. Bartell	at 40	80
2 lbs. Ground Coffee	M. Burnett	at 40	80
1 lb. Oolong	J. E. Brady	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	E. Goodrich	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Japan	E. Goodrich	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Green Coffee	E. Goodrich	at 35	70
5 lbs. Ground Coffee	L. Carpenter	at 40	2 00
1 lb. Imperial	L. Carpenter	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	L. Carpenter	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Oolong	M. St. Clair	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Imperial	M. St. Clair	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Gunpowder	F. Armstrong	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Oolong	F. Armstrong	at 1 00	1 00
5 lbs. Roast Coffee	F. Armstrong	at 40	2 00
2 lbs. Roast Coffee	M. Burnett	at 40	80
6 lbs. Roast Coffee	R. Doyle	at 40	2 40
1 lb. Imperial	R. Doyle	at 1 25	1 25
1 lb. Oolong	R. Doyle	at 1 00	1 00
1 lb. Souchong	—— Edson	at 1 20	1 20
2 lbs. Oolong	R. Calf	at 1 00	2 00
2 lbs. Ground Coffee	D. Green	at 40	80
1 lb. Souchong	J. H. Robinson	at 1 20	1 20
Total			$131 36

The following "Club form" is the most convenient for such orders:

SEVENTH ORDER FROM THIS CLUB.

MADISON, IND., *Sept.* 10, 1866.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey St., N. Y.:

I received by express this morning the last lot ordered. It gives very general satisfaction. I will have to order more frequently than I have been doing to keep up a supply. I shall not wait for Club names, but order in advance. Send C. O. D. Respectfully, JAMES DONNELLY.

20 lbs. Oolong	at $1 00	$20 00
16 lbs. Imperial	at 1 25	20 00
10 lbs. Gunpowder	at 1 25	12 50
5 lbs. Young Hyson	at 1 25	6 25
5 lbs. U. Japan	at 1 25	6 25
Total		$65 00

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

Nos. 31 and 33 VESEY STREET, corner of CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May 13, 1862; Improvement patented June 9, 1863.* The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD OF ALL KINDS with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have USED it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

[*From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiography.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its basis the inside bark of white pine might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled."—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable.

Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,
Boston, Mass.

H. SCOVILLE, Chicago, Ill.,
FARRAND, SHELEY & CO., Detroit, Mich.,
General Agents for the West.

TO THE

DEBILITATED

AND THE

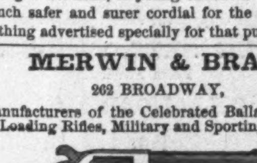
DECREPIT.

For general debility and exhaustion of the powers of nature, whether occasioned by sickness, fast living, constitutional decay, old age, or any other physical or mental cause, the one thing needful and indispensable is HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS. When the fire of life seems to be absolutely dying out in the system, and the mind, sympathizing with the body, is reduced almost to a state of imbecility, this mighty Restorative seems, as it were, to lift the sufferer out of the Slough of Despond, and recruit and reinvigorate both the frame and the intellect. An old farmer in the Valley of the Monongahela writes thus to Dr. Hostetter; "I can compare the operation of your Bitters upon me to nothing but the effect of a rain after a long dry spell in the fall of the year. The rain falling on the meadows starts the second crop of grass, and your wholesome medicine seems to have started a second crop of life and spirits in me." And this is truly the effect of this grateful and powerful preparation. Ladies of weak constitution, or whose strength has been impaired by sickness or age, find it a most efficacious and delightful Tonic, and it is administered with great success, in marasmus or wasting of the flesh, to young children. In fact, it is a much safer and surer cordial for the nursery than any thing advertised specially for that purpose.

MERWIN & BRAY,

262 BROADWAY,

Manufacturers of the Celebrated Ballard Breech-Loading Rifles, Military and Sporting Styles.



Thes Rifles carry a ball varying from one half oz. each to 120 to the lb. Material and workmanship of the best quality. They are warranted in every respect.

SOLE AGENTS

for the well-known Eagle Arms Co.'s Cartridge Revolvers, Belt and Pocket size. These Pistols require but four motions to load and discharge, a degree of perfection never before obtained. Are sure fire, and carry a much larger ball than any other revolver of the same weight and size. Also Agents for the Whitney Arms Co.'s Colt's model Revolvers, and the New York Metallic Ammunition Co.'s Copper Cartridge of every style and size.

Dealers in Arms and Ammunition of all kinds. Illustrated circulars furnished when desired.

262 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

NEW MUSIC.

COME BACK TO ERIN, by Claribel; price . . . . 35c.
THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW, by Virginia Gabriel . 40c.
TWILIGHT DREAMS WALTZES, by that celebrated composer, Chas. D'Albert; for violin, 15c.; piano, 35c.
MABEL WALTZES, by Godfrey " 15c.; " 35c.
GUARDS WALTZ, by Godfrey " 15c.; " 35c.

Mailed postpaid. FRED'K BLUME,
208 Bowery, N. Y.

SNELL'S CORN CURE.

No Knife or Poison used. Mailed and warranted for 50 cts. Address N. S. SNELL, Watertown, N. Y.

CURL YOUR HAIR!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.

A sample of Prof. Robb's Curlique will be sent free to any address. The Curlique will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful flowing curls. Address, with stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, PARKMAN, OHIO.

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR

AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, 1st Vice-President.
Mrs. ROBERT FORSTER, 2d Vice-President.
Mrs. JOHN S. VOORHIES, Treasurer.
Mrs. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.
Mrs. WM. S. HILLYER, Corresponding Secretary.
Mrs. HERVEY G. LAW, Manager.
Mrs. J. J. VAN DALSEM, Manager.
Mrs. JNO. H. WHITE, Manager.
Mrs. E. CLIFFORD WADSWORTH.
Mrs. NELSON PLACE.
Mrs. W. BERRIAN.
Mrs. H. J. SHERMAN.
Mrs. C. MAILLER.
Mrs. WM. MAILLER.
Mrs. HENRY BATJER.
Mrs. JAMES GILLIES.
Mrs. W. GERMOND.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.
Brigadier-General RUSH C. HAWKINS.
Major-General JAMES F. HALL.
JNO. H. WHITE.
G. P. B. HOYT.
J. H. PULESTON.

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE,

NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20 Silver plated Tea Sets, @ $75	1,500
100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
1000 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens	7,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $3	3,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,225
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, ESQ.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on recept of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk*, with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	43 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, 616 Broadway, New York.

Close of Vol. XXXIII.

Harper's Magazine

For November, 1866.

CONTENTS:

THE CIDER MILL.
THE WORK-HOUSE, BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.
THE LADY OF MY DREAMS.
VENICE.
HEROIC DEEDS OF HEROIC MEN.—XV. FLORIDA: HER CRIME AND HER PUNISHMENT.
MANASQUAN.
THE LITTLE BLACK DOGS OF BERKSHIRE.
AMONG RELATIONS.
MY SISTER MARCIA.
PICKED UP AT SEA.
SISTERS.
THE OLD BOOKSELLERS.
THE DIARY OF A PRECIOUS FOOL.
NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.
LOOKING UNDER THE BED.
THE SWEETEST DAYS.
OLD TIMES AND NEW.
THE CENTRAL PARK OF NEW YORK.
DAS MEERMÄDCHEN.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

THE PRESENT NUMBER closes the THIRTY-THIRD VOLUME of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The Conductors believe that in variety and interest it has been exceeded by no previous Volume, and their arrangements insure that this interest and value will be fully maintained in the ensuing Volume.

In the Number for December will be commenced "THE VIRGINIANS IN TEXAS," a Tale by GEORGE F. HARRINGTON, Author of "Inside: A Chronicle of Secession." This tale was written just before the breaking out of the late Civil War, but its issue was postponed in consequence of the events of the time. The Author, at the time a resident of Texas, describes the life and adventures of a Virginian Planter, who, with his family, emigrated to the "New Dominion." The tale is of special interest at the present time, setting forth what Texas was before the war; what it would now have been but for the war; and what it may yet become notwithstanding the war, when liberty is secured, law maintained, and industry restored under the Union.

GENERAL STROTHER will continue his "Personal Recollections of the War;" and the various departments of the Magazine, whether furnished by the Editors or by Contributors, will be maintained in such a manner as to merit a continuance of the favor which the Magazine has received for almost Seventeen Years.

Terms for Harper's Magazine and Weekly, 1867:

MAGAZINE, One Copy for One Year.... $4 00
WEEKLY, One Copy for One Year.... 4 00

An extra copy of either the Weekly or the Magazine will be supplied gratis to every Club of Five Subscribers at $4 00 each, in one remittance, or Six Copies for $20 00.

Bound Volumes of the MAGAZINE, each Volume containing the Numbers for six months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume, and sent by mail, postage paid. Bound Volumes of the Weekly, each Volume containing the Numbers for one year, will be furnished for $7 00, freight paid.

*** The POSTAGE on the Magazine is now 24 cents a year, and on the Weekly 20 cents a year, payable qurarterly, semi-yearly, or yearly, at the office where received.

*** Subscriptions from the British Provinces of North America must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, and 20 cents for the Weekly, to prepay the United States postage.

Subscribers to the Magazine and Weekly will find on each wrapper the Number with which their subscription *expires*, as entered on our books. In *renewing* a subscription, it is desired that the Number with which it is to *commence* should be stated. The name of the subscriber, and full address, including County and State, should be distinctly written: Thus—"Renew subscription to [Magazine or Weekly] commencing with Number ——. John Adams, Jackson, Pike County, Ohio."

In changing the direction, the *old*, as well as the *new* address should be given: Thus—"Change address of [Magazine or Weekly] from John Adams, Jackson, Pike County, Ohio, to Mary Adams, Franklin, Alleghany County, Pennsylvania."

The Magazine and Weekly are always stopped when the term of subsciption expires. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for JUNE and DECEMBER of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

Back Numbers of both Magazine and Weekly can always be supplied.

In remitting by mail, a POST-OFFICE ORDER or a DRAFT upon New York, *payable to the order of Harper & Brothers*, is preferable to bank notes, as, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

*** *Those who wish to renew subscriptions, or to commence with the present Volume, are requested to notify the Publishers at once, in order that the Subscription-Book may be promptly adjusted.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year $4 00
One Copy for Three Months . . . 1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding . . . . . $7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco . . . . . 10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—*One Dollar and Fifty Cents* per line for inside, and *Two Dollars* per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.